







# POEMS OF ACTION

SELECTED BY  
V. H. COLLINS

*Second Edition.  
With additional poems*

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## *PREFACE TO NEW EDITION*

**T**HIS selection of verse has been confined very strictly to poems relating a short and straightforward story. Reflective poems have been excluded, and so have been even narrative poems (such as Macaulay's 'Armada') unless description is markedly subordinate to action.

The editor's experience as a schoolmaster, supported by the views of a large acquaintance among teachers, convinced him that 'poems of action' were more likely to appeal to boys and girls in junior forms, and to develop a general interest in poetry, than many of the pieces—though they satisfied the mere requirement of simplicity—that were often given in selections for schools. Thus Wordsworth's 'Daffodils', simple as it is in subject, in language, and in versification, will often fail to move boys and girls of eleven or twelve years of age. At that age, too, natural scenery—even seen, let alone described—rarely appeals to them. If they prefer fields to streets it is mainly because in the country they can run wild, climb trees, and have tea in a hayfield. The theme of love, too, is endured only on condition that it is a peg on which hang action and adventure. Reflection, characterization, and the minor key run the risk of leading them to regard poetry as 'sentimental nonsense', and, at a stage when impressions are deepest and most lasting, of creating a prejudice that perhaps during the rest of life will never be eradicated. If, on the other hand, every poem brought before young pupils appeals by the interest of its story and action there is more chance when later they are

promoted to an anthology like Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*—that they will come to it with some expectation of enjoyment.

The editor found that in spite of the multitude of verse anthologies for schools these principles had hardly been recognized or at all events had not been carried out as strictly as seemed to him desirable. Hence this selection—and afterwards a still easier one, *Stories in Verse*.

The success of *Poems of Action* has involved so many reprints that the plates have become worn, and as it is now necessary to reset the text the opportunity has been taken to supplement the new edition with 32 pages of additional poems. For the convenience of schools that have some stock left of the original collection these additions have been printed at the end of the volume.

The editor is confident that both those who knew the book in its old form and those who now make their first acquaintance with it will share his appreciation of the illustrations by Mr. C. Walter Hodges, with which its extended form and new dress are embellished.

The versions of Macaulay's 'Horatius' and D. G. Rossetti's 'White Ship' are abridgements.

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## *HORATIUS*

*A Lay made about the Year of the City CCCLX*

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,

And named a trysting day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north

The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.

Shame on the false Etruscan

Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome.

And now hath every city

Sent up her tale of men;  
The foot are fourscore thousand,  
The horse are thousands ten:  
Before the gates of Sutrium  
Is met the great array.  
A proud man was Lars Porsena  
Upon the trysting day.

5

10

15

20

25

But by the yellow Tiber  
Was tumult and affright:  
From all the spacious champaign  
To Rome men took their flight.  
A mile around the city,  
The throng stopped up the ways;  
A fearful sight it was to see  
Through two long nights and days.

30

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
Could the wan burghers spy  
The line of blazing villages  
Red in the midnight sky.  
The Fathers of the City,  
They sat all night and day,  
For every hour some horseman came  
With tidings of dismay.

35

I wis, in all the Senate,  
There was no heart so bold,  
But sore it ached and fast it beat,  
When that ill news was told.  
Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
Up rose the Fathers all;  
In haste they girded up their gowns,  
And hied them to the wall.

45

They held a council standing  
Before the River-Gate;  
Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
For musing or debate.

50

Out spake the Consul roundly:

'The bridge must straight go down;  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
Naught else can save the town.'

55

Just then a scout came flying,

All wild with haste and fear;  
'To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:

60

Lars Porsena is here.'

On the low hills to westward

The Consul fixed his eye,  
And saw the swarthy storm of dust

Rise fast along the sky.

65

And nearer fast and nearer

Doth the red whirlwind come;  
And louder still and still more loud,  
From underneath that rolling cloud,  
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,

70

The trampling, and the hum.

And plainly and more plainly

Now through the gloom appears,  
Far to left and far to right,  
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
The long array of helmets bright,

75

The long array of spears.

But the Consul's brow was sad,

And the Consul's speech was low,  
And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly at the foe.

80

'Their van will be upon us  
 Before the bridge goes down;  
 And if they once may win the bridge,  
 What hope to save the town?'

85

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
 The Captain of the Gate:  
 'To every man upon this earth  
 Death cometh soon or late.  
 And how can man die better  
 Than facing fearful odds,  
 For the ashes of his fathers,  
 And the temples of his Gods?'

90

'Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
 With all the speed ye may;  
 I, with two more to help me,  
 Will hold the foe in play.  
 In yon strait path a thousand  
 May well be stopped by three.  
 Now who will stand on either hand,  
 And keep the bridge with me?'

95

100

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;  
 A Ramnian proud was he:  
 'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
 And keep the bridge with thee.'  
 And out spake strong Herminius;  
 Of Titian blood was he:  
 'I will abide on thy left side,  
 And keep the bridge with thee.'

105

'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,  
 'As thou sayest, so let it be.'  
 And straight against that great array  
 Forth went the dauntless Three.  
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
 Spared neither land nor gold,  
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
 In the brave days of old.

110

115

Now while the Three were tightening  
 Their harness on their backs,  
 The Consul was the foremost man  
 To take in hand an axe:  
 And Fathers mixed with Commons  
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
 And smote upon the planks above,  
 And loosed the props below.

120

125

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came flashing back the noonday light,  
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
 Of a broad sea of gold.  
 Four hundred trumpets sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee,  
 As that great host, with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,  
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

130

135

The Three stood calm and silent,  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose:                           140  
And forth three chiefs came spurring  
Before that deep array;  
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and flew  
To win the narrow way;                               145

Aunus from green Tifernum,  
Lord of the Hill of Vines;  
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
Sicken in Ilva's mines;  
And Picus, long to Clusium                           150  
Vassal in peace and war,  
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,  
The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
O'er the pale waves of Nar.                           155

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
Into the stream beneath:  
Herminius struck at Seius,  
And clove him to the teeth:  
At Picus brave Horatius                           160  
Darted one fiery thrust;  
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
Clashed in the bloody dust.

- Then Ocnus of Falerii  
 Rushed on the Roman Three; 165  
 And Lausulus of Urgo,  
 The rover of the sea;  
 And Aruns of Volsinium,  
 Who slew the great wild boar,  
 The great wild boar that had his den 170  
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
 Along Albinia's shore.
- Herminius smote down Aruns:  
 Lartius laid Ocnus low: 175  
 Right to the heart of Lausulus  
 Horatius sent a blow.  
 'Lie there,' he cried, 'fell pirate!  
 No more, aghast and pale,  
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark 180  
 The track of thy destroying bark.  
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
 To woods and caverns when they spy  
 Thy thrice accursed sail.'
- But now no sound of laughter 185  
 Was heard among the foes.  
 A wild and wrathful clamour  
 From all the vanguard rose.  
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance  
 Halted that deep array, 190  
 And for a space no man came forth  
 To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:  
And lo! the ranks divide;  
And the great Lord of Luna  
Comes with his stately stride.

Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
Which none but he can wield. 200

He smiled on those bold Romans  
A smile serene and high;  
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
And scorn was in his eye.

Quoth he, 'The she-wolf's litter  
Stand savagely at bay:  
But will ye dare to follow,  
If Astur clears the way?' 205

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
With both hands to the height,210  
He rushed against Horatius,  
And smote with all his might.

With shield and blade Horatius  
Right deftly turned the blow.

The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh; 215  
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:  
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius  
    He leaned one breathing-space;                  220  
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,  
    Sprang right at Astur's face:

Through teeth, and skull, and helm.  
 So fierce a thrust he sped,  
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth o  
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna  
 Fell at that deadly stroke,  
 As falls on Mount Alvernus  
 A thunder-smitten oak. 230  
 Far o'er the crashing forest  
 The giant arms lie spread;  
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
 Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius  
 Right firmly pressed his heel,  
 And thrice and four times tugged amain,  
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
 'And see', he cried, 'the welcome,  
 Fair guests, that waits you here! 240  
 What noble Lucumo comes next  
 To taste our Roman cheer?'

But at his haughty challenge  
 A sullen murmur ran,  
 Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,  
 Along that glittering van.  
 There lacked not men of prowess,  
 Nor men of lordly race;  
 For all Etruria's noblest  
 Were round the fatal place. 245

But hark!uria's noblest  
And neir hearts sink to see  
And he earth the bloody corpses,  
In the path the dauntless Three:  
And, from the ghastly entrance      255  
Where those bold Romans stood,  
All shrank, like boys who unaware,  
Ranging the woods to start a hare,  
Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear      260  
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
To lead such dire attack:  
But those behind cried 'Forward!'  
And those before cried 'Back!'  
And backward now and forward  
Wavers the deep array;  
And on the tossing sea of steel  
To and fro the standards reel;  
And the victorious trumpet-peal  
Dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever  
Have manfully been plied;  
And now the bridge hangs tottering  
Above the boiling tide.  
275  
'Come back, come back, Horatius!'  
Loud cried the Fathers all.  
'Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!  
Back, ere the ruin fall!'

*'In the path the dauntless Three'*

But all E·  
Felt t·  
On t·



- Back darted Spurius Lartius; 280  
 Herminius darted back:  
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
 They felt the timbers crack.  
 But when they turned their faces,  
 And on the farther shore 285  
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
 They would have crossed once more.
- But with a crash like thunder  
 Fell every loosened beam,  
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck 290  
 Lay right athwart the stream:  
 And a long shout of triumph  
 Rose from the walls of Rome,  
 As to the highest turret-tops  
 Was splashed the yellow foam. 295
- And, like a horse unbroken  
 When first he feels the rein,  
 The furious river struggled hard,  
 And tossed his tawny mane,  
 And burst the curb, and bounded, 300  
 Rejoicing to be free,  
 And whirling down, in fierce career,  
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
 Rushed headlong to the sea.
- Alone stood brave Horatius, 305  
 But constant still in mind;  
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
 And the broad flood behind.

'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face.

310

'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,  
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

Round turned he, as not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see;

315

Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,  
To Sextus naught spake he;

But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home;  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

320

'Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
Take thou in charge this day!'

So he spake, and speaking sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And with his harness on his back  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

325

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank;  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank;  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

330

335

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain:  
And fast his blood was flowing;  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armour,  
And spent with changing blows;  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

340

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing place:  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good father Tiber  
Bore bravely up his chin.

350

And now he feels the bottom;  
Now on dry earth he stands;  
Now round him throng the Fathers  
To press his gory hands;  
And now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River-Gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

355

360

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plough from morn till night;

365

And they made a molten image,  
 And set it up on high,  
 And there it stands unto this day  
 To witness if I lie.

370

It stands in the Comitium,  
 Plain for all folk to see;  
 Horatius in his harness,  
 Halting upon one knee:  
 And underneath is written,  
 In letters all of gold,  
 How valiantly he kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

375

And still his name sounds stirring  
 Unto the men of Rome,  
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
 To charge the Volscian home;  
 And wives still pray to Juno  
 For boys with hearts as bold  
 As his who kept the bridge so well  
 In the brave days of old.

380

385

And in the nights of winter,  
 When the cold north winds blow,  
 And the long howling of the wolves  
 Is heard amidst the snow;  
 When round the lonely cottage  
 Roars loud the tempest's din,  
 And the good logs of Algidus  
 Roar louder yet within;

390

- When the oldest cask is opened, 395  
     And the largest lamp is lit;  
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
     And the kid turns on the spit;  
 When young and old in circle  
     Around the firebrands close; 400  
 When the girls are weaving baskets,  
     And the lads are shaping bows;
- When the goodman mends his armour,  
     And trims his helmet's plume;  
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily 405  
     Goes flashing through the loom;  
 With weeping and with laughter  
     Still is the story told,  
 How well Horatius kept the bridge  
     In the brave days of old. 410

LORD MACAULAY

*JAFFĀR*

JAFFĀR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,  
 The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,  
 Jaffār was dead, slain by a doom unjust;  
 And guilty Hāroun, sullen with mistrust  
 Of what the good and e'en the bad might say, 5  
 Ordained that no man living from that day  
 Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—  
 All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show  
 How far for love a grateful soul could go, 10  
 And facing death for very scorn and grief  
 (For his great heart wanted a great relief),  
 Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square  
 Where once had stood a happy house; and there  
 Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar  
 On all they owed to the divine Jaffàr. 15

‘Bring me this man,’ the caliph cried. The man  
 Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began  
 To bind his arms. ‘Welcome, brave cords!’ cried he;  
 ‘From bonds far worse Jaffàr delivered me; 20  
 From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;  
 Made a man’s eyes friends with delicious tears;  
 Restored me—loved me—put me on a par  
 With his great self. How can I pay Jaffàr?’

Hàroun, who felt that on a soul like this 25  
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,  
 Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate  
 Might smile upon another half as great.  
 He said, ‘Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;  
 The caliph’s judgement shall be master still. 30  
 Go: and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,  
 The richest in the Tartar’s diadem,  
 And hold the giver as thou deemest fit.’

‘Gifts!’ cried the friend. He took; and holding it  
 High tow’rds the heavens as though to meet his star, 35  
 Exclaimed, ‘This too I owe to thee, Jaffàr!’

LEIGH HUNT

*KALLUNDBORG CHURCH*

'**B**UILD at Kallundborg by the sea  
A church as stately as church may be,  
And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,'  
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,                   5  
'Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed!'  
And off he strode, in his pride of will,  
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

'Build, O Troll, a church for me  
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea;                   10  
Build it stately, and build it fair,  
Build it quickly,' said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, 'No work is wrought  
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.  
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?'           15  
'Set thy own price,' quoth Esbern Snare.

'When Kallundborg church is builded well,  
Thou must the name of its builder tell,  
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon.'  
'Build,' said Esbern, 'and build it soon.'           20

By night and by day the Troll wrought on;  
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone;  
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,  
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

## Kallundborg Church

He listened by night, he watched by day,  
He sought and thought, but he dared not pray;  
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,  
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide  
A rumour ran through the country-side;  
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,  
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh done;  
One pillar it lacked, and one alone;  
And the grim Troll muttered, 'Fool thou art!  
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart!' 35

By Kallundborg in black despair,  
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern Snare,  
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank  
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll  
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole;  
Before him the church stood large and fair:  
'I have builded my tomb,' said Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,  
When he heard a light step at his side:  
'O Esbern Snare!' a sweet voice said,  
'Would I might die now in thy stead!'

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,  
He held her fast, and he held her long;  
With the beating heart of a bird afeard,  
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

'O love!' he cried, 'let me look to-day  
 In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away;  
 Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart      55  
 Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart!

'I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee!  
 Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me!'  
 But fast as she prayed, and faster still,  
 Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.      60

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart  
 Was somehow baffling his evil art;  
 For more than spell of Elf or Troll  
 Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound      65  
 Of a Troll-wife singing underground:  
 'To-morrow comes Fine, father thine:  
 Lie still and hush thee, baby mine!

'Lie still, my darling! next sunrise  
 Thou'l play with Esbern Snare's heart and eyes!' 70  
 'Ho! ho!' quoth Esbern, 'is that your game?  
 Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name!'

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on  
 To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone.  
 'Too late, Gaffer Fine!' cried Esbern Snare;      75  
 And Troll and pillar vanished in air!

That night the harvesters heard the sound  
 Of a woman sobbing underground,  
 And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame  
 Of the careless singer who told his name.      80

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the rune  
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon;  
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still  
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch  
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,  
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,  
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare!

85

J. G. WHITTIER

*GOD'S JUDGEMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP*

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,  
That in winter the corn was growing yet,  
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,  
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,  
And all the neighbourhood could tell  
His granaries were furnish'd well.

5

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay;  
He bade them to his great Barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter there.

10

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;  
The great Barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

15

Then when he saw it could hold no more,  
 Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;  
 And while for mercy on Christ they call,  
 He set fire to the Barn and burnt them all.

20

'I'faith 'tis an excellent bonfire!' quoth he,  
 'And the country is greatly obliged to me,  
 For ridding it in these times forlorn  
 Of Rats that only consume the corn.'

25

So then to his palace returned he,  
 And he sat down to supper merrily,  
 And he slept that night like an innocent man;  
 But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall  
 Where his picture hung against the wall,  
 A sweat like death all over him came,  
 For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

30

As he look'd there came a man from his farm—  
 He had a countenance white with alarm;  
 'My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,  
 And the Rats had eaten all your corn.'

35

Another came running presently,  
 And he was pale as pale could be,  
 'Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly,' quoth he,  
 'Ten thousand Rats are coming this way, . . .  
 The Lord forgive you for yesterday!'

40

'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he,  
"Tis the safest place in Germany;  
The walls are high and the shores are steep,      45  
And the stream is strong and the water deep.'

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,  
And he crost the Rhine without delay,  
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care  
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.      50

He laid him down and closed his eyes; . . .  
But soon a scream made him arise,  
He started and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd; . . . it was only the Cat;      55  
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,  
For she sat screaming, mad with fear  
At the Army of Rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,  
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,      60  
And up the Tower their way is bent,  
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,  
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more,  
Such numbers had never been heard of before,      65  
Such a judgement had never been witness'd of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
As louder and louder drawing near  
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.      70

And in at the windows and in at the door,  
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,  
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,  
From the right and the left, from behind and before,  
From within and without, from above and below, 75  
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;  
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgement on him! 80

R. SOUTHEY

### *THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS*

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis, one day,  
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray  
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,  
Heard from without a miserable voice,  
A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell, 5  
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused; the chain whereby  
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry;  
And, looking from the casement, saw below  
A wretched woman, with grey hair a-flow, 10  
And withered hands held up to him, who cried  
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, 'For the dear love of Him who gave  
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,—

My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves      15  
 In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves  
 Lap the white walls of Tunis!—‘What I can  
 I give,’ Tritemius said, ‘my prayers.’—‘O man  
 Of God!’ she cried, for grief had made her bold,  
 ‘Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold.      20  
 Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;  
 Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies.’

‘Woman!’ Tritemius answered, ‘from our door  
 None go unfed, hence are we always poor;  
 A single soldo is our only store.      25  
 Thou hast our prayers;—what can we give thee more?’

‘Give me’, she said, ‘the silver candlesticks  
 On either side of the great crucifix.  
 God well may spare them on His errands sped,  
 Or He can give you golden ones instead.’      30

Then spake Tritemius, ‘Even as thy word,  
 Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,  
 Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,  
 Pardon me if a human soul I prize  
 Above the gifts upon His altar piled!)      35  
 Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child.’

  
 But his hand trembled as the holy alms  
 He placed within the beggar's eager palms;  
 And as she vanished down the linden shade,  
 He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.      40

So the day passed, and when the twilight came  
 He woke to find the chapel all aflame,  
 And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold  
 Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

J. G. WHITTIER

*THE WHITE SHIP**Henry I of England—November 25, 1120*

**B**y none but me can the tale be told,  
 The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.  
*(Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)*  
 'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,  
 Yet the tale can be told by none but me.  
*(The sea hath no King but God alone.)*

5

King Henry held it as life's whole gain  
 That after his death his son should reign.

And next with his son he sailed to France  
 To claim the Norman allegiance.

10

'Twas sworn and sealed, and the day had come  
 When the King and the Prince might journey home.

The King set sail with the eve's south wind,  
 And soon he left that coast behind.

The Prince and all his, a princely show,  
 Remained in the good White Ship to go.

15

With noble knights and with ladies fair,  
 With courtiers and sailors gathered there,  
 Three hundred living souls we were:

# The White Ship

And I, Berold, was the meanest hind  
In all that train to the Prince assign'd.

20

And now he cried: 'Bring wine from below;  
Let the sailors revel ere yet they row:

'Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight  
Though we sail from the harbour at midnight.'

25

The rowers made good cheer without check;  
The lords and ladies obeyed his beck; → ~~toast, offer~~  
The night was light, and they danced on the deck.

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped  
Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead:

30

As white as a lily glimmered she  
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.

And the Prince cried, 'Friends, 'tis the hour to sing!  
Is a songbird's course so swift on the wing?'

And under the winter stars' still throng,  
From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,  
The knights and the ladies raised a song.

A song,—nay, a shriek that rent the sky,  
That leaped o'er the deep!—the grievous cry  
Of three hundred living that now must die.

35

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock  
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

40

'Tis said that afar—a shrill strange sigh—  
The King's ships heard it and knew not why.

Pale Fitz-Stephen stood by the helm  
 'Mid all those folk that the waves must whelm.

45

A great King's heir for the waves to whelm,  
 And the helpless pilot pale at the helm!

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,  
 By the steathy stab of the sharp reef pierc'd.

50

A moment the pilot's senses spin,—  
 The next he snatched the Prince 'mid the din,  
 Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.  
 'Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!'

55

'What! none to be saved but these and I?'  
 'Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!'

Out of the churn of the choking ship,  
 Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,  
 They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.

60

'Twas then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim  
 The Prince's sister screamed to him.

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,  
 And through the whirled surf he knew her face.

To the toppling decks clave one and all  
 As a fly cleaves to a chamber-wall.

65

I, Berold, was clinging anear;  
 I prayed for myself and quaked with fear,  
 But I saw his eyes as he looked at her.

He knew her face and he heard her cry,  
And he said, 'Put back! she must not die!'

70

And back with the current's force they reel  
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water-wheel.

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,  
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat.

75

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide:  
O'er the naked keel as she best might slide,  
The sister toiled to the brother's side.

He reached an oar to her from below,  
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so.

80

But now from the ship some spied the boat,  
And 'Saved!' was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:  
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,  
And nothing was there but the surge and swell.

85

The Prince that was and the King to come,  
There in an instant gone to his doom,

Despite of all England's bended knee  
And maugre the Norman fealty!

He was a Prince of lust and pride;  
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

90

When he should be King, he oft would vow,  
He'd yoke the peasant to his own plough.  
O'er him the ships score their furrows now.

God only knows where his soul did wake,  
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

95

By none but me can the tale be told,  
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.

(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,  
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.

100

(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

D. G. ROSSETTI

### BETH GÊLERT

or, *The Grave of the Greyhound*

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerly smiled the morn;  
And many a brach, and many a hound,  
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,

5

And gave a lustier cheer;

'Come Gêlert, come, wert never last  
Llewelyn's horn to hear.—

'Oh where does faithful Gêlert roam,

The flower of all his race;

10

So true, so brave, a lamb at home,  
A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board

The faithful Gêlert fed;

He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,  
And sentinelled his bed.

15

In sooth he was a peerless hound,  
The gift of royal John;  
But, now no Gêlert could be found,  
And all the chase rode on.

20

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells  
The gallant chidings rise,  
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells  
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved  
The chase of hart and hare;  
And scant and small the booty proved,  
For Gêlert was not there.

25

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied,  
When near the portal-seat  
His truant Gêlert he espied  
Bounding his lord to greet.

30

But when he gained his castle-door,  
Aghast the chieftain stood;  
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,  
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

35

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;  
Unused such looks to meet,  
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,  
And crouched, and licked his feet.

40

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed  
And on went Gêlert too;  
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,  
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'turned his infant's bed he found,  
 With blood-stained covert rent;  
 And all around the walls and ground  
 With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—  
 He searched with terror wild;       50  
 Blood, blood, he found on every side,  
 But nowhere found his child.

'Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,'  
 The frantic father cried;  
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword       55  
 He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,  
 No pity could impart;  
 But still his Gêlert's dying yell  
 Passed heavy o'er his heart.       60

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,  
 Some slumberer wakened nigh:—  
 What words the parent's joy could tell  
 To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap       65  
 His hurried search had missed,  
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
 The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,  
 But, the same couch beneath,       70  
 Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
 Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!

For now the truth was clear;

His gallant hound the wolf had slain,

75

To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewelyn's woe:

'Best of thy kind, adieu!

The frantic blow which laid thee low

This heart shall ever rue.'

80

And now a gallant tomb they raise,

With costly sculpture decked;

And marbles storied with his praise,

Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,

85

Or forester, unmoved;

There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass

Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,

And there, as evening fell,

90

In fancy's ear he oft would hear

Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,

And cease the storm to brave,

The consecrated spot shall hold

95

The name of 'Gêlert's grave'.

W. R. SPENCER

*THE INCHCAPE ROCK*

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
 The ship was still as she could be,  
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock  
 The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;  
 So little they rose, so little they fell,  
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell. 5

The Abbot of Aberbrothok  
 Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;  
 On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
 And over the waves its warning rung. 10

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,  
 The mariners heard the warning bell;  
 And then they knew the perilous Rock,  
 And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok. 15

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,  
 All things were joyful on that day;  
 The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,  
 And there was joyaunce in their sound. 20

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen  
 A darker speck on the ocean green;  
 Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,  
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

## The Inchcape Rock

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

25

His eye was on the Inchcape float;  
Quoth he, 'My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

30

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

35

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound;  
The bubbles rose and burst around;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes to the Rock  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

40

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,  
He scour'd the seas for many a day;  
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They cannot see the Sun on high;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
At evening it hath died away.

45

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is they see no land.

50

Quoth Sir Ralph, 'It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon.'

‘Canst hear’, said one, ‘the breakers roar?  
For methinks we should be near the shore.’  
‘Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.’

55

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;  
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—  
‘Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!’

60

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;  
He curst himself in his despair;  
The waves rush in on every side,  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear  
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,  
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,  
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

65

R. SOUTHEY

*KING ROBERT OF SICILY*

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On St. John’s eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o’er and o’er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,

5

He caught the words, '*Depositum potentes*

*De sede, et exaltavit humiles*';

10

And slowly lifting up his kingly head

He to a learned clerk beside him said,

'What mean these words?' The clerk made answer meet,

'He has put down the mighty from their seat,

And has exalted them of low degree.'

15

Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,

"Tis well that such seditious words are sung

Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;

For unto priests and people be it known,

There is no power can push me from my throne!"

20

And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep

Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;

The church was empty, and there was no light,

Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,

Lighted a little space before some saint.

25

He started from his seat and gazed around,

But saw no living thing and heard no sound.

He groped towards the door, but it was locked;

He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,

30

And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,

And imprecations upon men and saints.

The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls

As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without

35

The tumult of the knocking and the shout,

And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking, 'Who is there?'

Half-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
 'Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?' 40

The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
 'This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!'

Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;  
 A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
 Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak, 45  
 Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,  
 But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
 And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, 50  
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
 Bareheaded, breathless, and besprayed with mire,  
 With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
 Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;  
 Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage  
 To right and left each seneschal and page, 56  
 And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
 His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
 From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;  
 Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, 60  
 Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
 Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
 Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
 King Robert's self in features, form, and height, 65  
 But all transfigured with angelic light!  
 It was an Angel; and his presence there  
 With a divine effulgence filled the air,

An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel recognize. 70

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,  
Who met his look of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes;  
Then said, 'Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?'  
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer, 76  
'I am the King, and come to claim my own  
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!'  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;  
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow, 81  
'Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou  
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call, 85  
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!'

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding door, 90  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of 'Long live the King!'

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, 95  
He said within himself, 'It was a dream!'  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,

Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,  
 Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,      100  
 And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
 Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.  
 It was no dream; the world he loved so much  
 Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again      105  
 To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;

Under the Angel's governance benign  
 The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
 And deep within the mountain's burning breast  
 Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.      110

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
 Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,  
 With look bewildered and a vacant stare,  
 Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,      115  
 By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
 His only friend the ape, his only food  
 What others left,—he still was unsubdued.

And when the Angel met him on his way,  
 And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,      120  
 Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
 The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
 'Art thou the King?' the passion of his woe  
 Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
 And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling      125  
 The haughty answer back, 'I am, I am the King!'

Almost three years were ended; when there came  
 Ambassadors of great repute and name

From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
 Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
 By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
 On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.

The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
 And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
 And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
 And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.

Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
 Into the lovely land of Italy,  
 Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
 By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
 With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir  
 Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,  
 Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
 His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
 The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
 King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
 In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare  
 Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,      150  
 Giving his benediction and embrace,  
 Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.  
 While with congratulations and with prayers  
 He entertained the Angel unawares,  
 Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,      155  
 Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
 'I am the King! Look, and behold in me  
 Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!

130

135

140

145

150

155

This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,  
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.

160

Do you not know me? does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"

The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;

The Emperor, laughing, said, 'It is strange sport  
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!' 165

And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;

170

The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,  
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.

Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw;  
He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy 185

Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,

He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
 As if the better world conversed with ours,      190  
 He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
 And with a gesture bade the rest retire;  
 And when they were alone, the Angel said,  
 'Art thou the King?' Then, bowing down his head,  
 King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,      195  
 And meekly answered him: 'Thou knowest best!  
 My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,  
 And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
 Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,  
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!'      200

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
 A holy light illumined all the place,  
 And through the open window, loud and clear,  
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,  
 Above the stir and tumult of the street:      205  
 'He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
 And has exalted them of low degree!'  
 And through the chant a second melody  
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string:  
 'I am an Angel, and thou art the King!'      210

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,  
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!  
 But all apparelled as in days of old,  
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;      214  
 And when his courtiers came, they found him there  
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

*THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS*

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!  
 Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there;  
 Many a monk, and many a friar,  
 Many a knight, and many a squire,  
 With a great many more of lesser degree—  
 In sooth a goodly company;  
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.

Never, I ween,  
 Was a prouder seen,  
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,  
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out  
 Through the motley rout,  
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;

Here and there  
 Like a dog in a fair,  
 Over comfits and cates,  
 And dishes and plates,  
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,  
 Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!

With saucy air,  
 He perch'd on the chair  
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat  
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;

And he peer'd in the face  
 Of his Lordship's Grace,  
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
 'We two are the greatest folks here to-day!'

5

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## The Jackdaw of Rheims

And the priests, with awe,

As such freaks they saw,

30

Said, ‘The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!’

The feast was over, the board was clear’d,

The flawns and the custards had all disappear’d,

And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!

In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,

35

Came, in order due,

Two by two,

Marching that grand refectory through!

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,

Emboss’d and fill’d with water, as pure

40

As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,

Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch

In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.

Two nice little boys, rather more grown,

Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;

45

And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,

Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more

A napkin bore,

Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,

50

And a Cardinal’s Hat mark’d in ‘permanent ink’.

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight

Of these nice little boys dress’d all in white:

From his finger he draws

His costly turquoise;

55

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,

Deposits it straight

By the side of his plate,

While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;  
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,      60  
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout,  
 And a deuce of a rout,  
 And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
 But the Monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out.

The Friars are kneeling,      66  
 And hunting, and feeling  
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.

The Cardinal drew  
 Off each plum-colour'd shoe,      70  
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view;  
 He peeps, and he feels  
 In the toes and the heels;

They turn up the dishes—they turn up the plates—  
 They take up the poker and poke out the grates—      75

They turn up the rugs,  
 They examine the mugs—  
 But, no!—no such thing—  
 They can't find THE RING!

And the Abbot declared that, 'when nobody twigg'd  
 it,      80

Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!'

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
 He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!

In holy anger, and pious grief,  
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!      85  
 He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;  
 From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night  
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;  
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking, 90  
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;  
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;  
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,  
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying—  
Never was heard such a terrible curse! 95

But what gave rise  
To no little surprise,

Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone,  
The night came on, 100  
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn;  
When the Sacristan saw,  
On crumpled claw,  
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!

No longer gay,  
As on yesterday;

His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way—  
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand—  
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand; 110  
His eye so dim,  
So wasted each limb,  
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, 'THAT'S  
HIM!—

That's the scamp that has done this scandalous  
thing!  
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's  
Ring!'

- The poor little Jackdaw, 115  
 When the Monks he saw,  
 Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;  
 And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say  
 'Pray, be so good as to walk this way!'  
 Slower and slower 120  
 He limp'd on before,  
 Till they came to the back of the belfry door,  
 Where the first thing they saw,  
 Midst the sticks and the straw,  
 Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw! 125
- Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,  
 And off that terrible curse he took;  
 The mute expression  
 Served in lieu of confession,  
 And, being thus coupled with full restitution, 130  
 The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!  
 —When those words were heard,  
 That poor little bird  
 Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.  
 He grew sleek, and fat; 135  
 In addition to that,  
 A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!  
 His tail waggled more  
 Even than before;  
 But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air, 140  
 No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.  
 He hopp'd now about  
 With a gait devout;  
 At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;

## The Jackdaw of Rheims

And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,  
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.  
If any one lied, or if any one swore,  
Or slumber'd in pray'r-time and happen'd to snore,

That good Jackdaw

Would give a great 'Caw!'

145

As much as to say, 'Don't do so any more!'  
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,  
That they 'never had known such a pious Jackdaw!'

He long lived the pride

Of that country-side,

155

And at last in the odour of sanctity died;

When, as words were too faint

His merits to paint,

The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;

159

And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,  
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,  
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

R. H. BARHAM

## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its wall on the southern side;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied;

5

But, when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!

10

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,  
 And bit the babies in the cradles,  
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
 And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,  
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats, 15  
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
 And even spoiled the women's chats,  
 By drowning their speaking  
 With shrieking and squeaking  
 In fifty different sharps and flats. 20

At last the people in a body  
 To the Town Hall came flocking:  
 "Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor 's a noddy;  
 And as for our Corporation—shocking  
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine 25  
 For dolts that can't or won't determine  
 What's best to rid us of our vermin!  
 You hope, because you're old and obese,  
 To find in the furry civic robe ease?  
 Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking  
 To find the remedy we're lacking, 30  
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!'  
 At this the Mayor and Corporation  
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,  
 At length the Mayor broke silence:  
 'For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;  
 I wish I were a mile hence!

35

## The Pied Piper of Hamelin

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—  
I'm sure my poor head aches again,  
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.40  
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!  
Just as he said this, what should hap  
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?  
'Bless us,' cried the Mayor, 'what's that?'45  
(With the Corporation as he sat,  
Looking little though wondrous fat;  
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister  
Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous50  
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)  
'Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?  
Anything like the sound of a rat  
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!'

'Come in!'—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:55  
And in did come the strangest figure!  
His queer long coat from heel to head  
Was half of yellow and half of red;  
And he himself was tall and thin,  
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,60  
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,  
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smiles went out and in—  
There was no guessing his kith and kin!  
And nobody could enough admire65  
The tall man and his quaint attire:  
Quoth one: 'It's as my great-grandsire,

Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,  
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!'

He advanced to the council-table:

70

And, 'Please your honours,' said he, 'I'm able,  
By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All creatures living beneath the sun,  
That creep or swim or fly or run,  
After me so as you never saw!

75

And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm,  
The mole and toad and newt and viper;  
And people call me the Pied Piper.'

(And here they noticed round his neck

80

A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
To match with his coat of the self-same check;  
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;  
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying  
As if impatient to be playing

85

Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

'Yet,' said he, 'poor piper as I am,

In Tartary I freed the Cham,

Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;

90

I eased in Asia the Nizam

Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:

And as for what your brain bewilders,

If I can rid your town of rats

Will you give me a thousand guilders?'

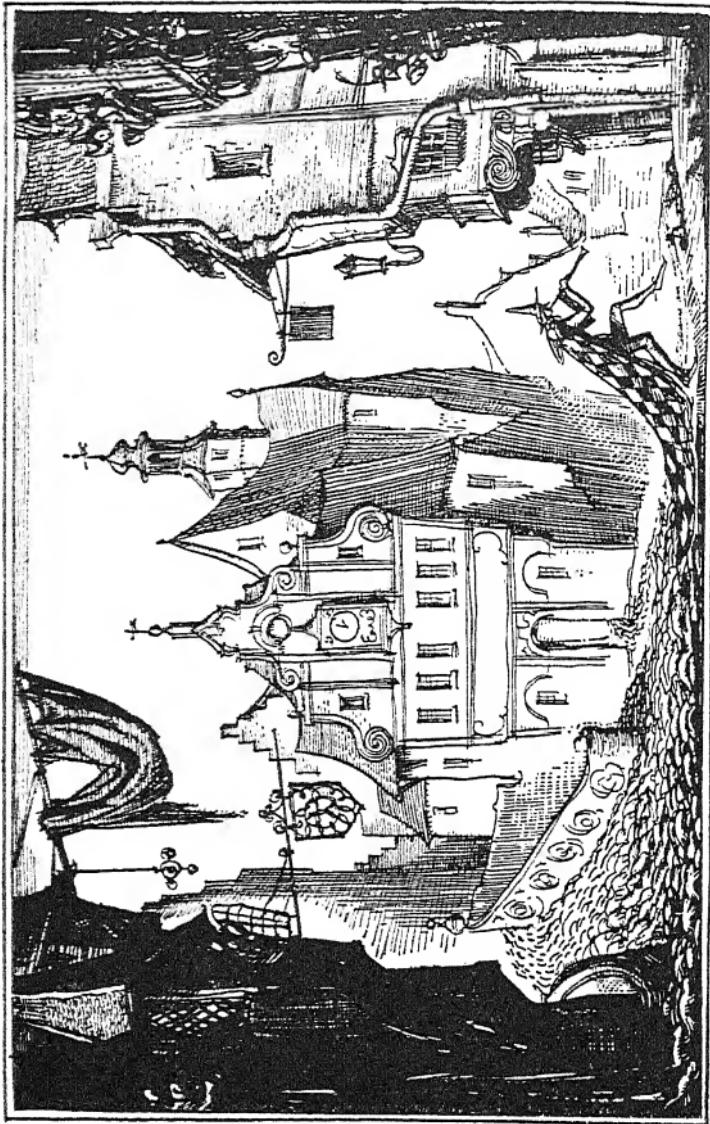
95

'One? fifty thousand!'—was the exclamation  
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

## The Pied Piper of Hamelin

100  
Into the street the Piper stept,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while;  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled  
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
You heard as if an army muttered;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;  
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;  
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
Followed the Piper for their lives.  
From street to street he piped advancing,  
And step for step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the river Weser,  
Wherein all plunged and perished!  
—Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,  
Swam across and lived to carry  
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)  
To Rat-land home his commentary:  
Which was, 'At the first shrill notes of the pipe,  
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

*'From street to street he piped advancing'*



## The Pied Piper of Hamelin

And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
Into a cider-press's gripe:  
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,  
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,  
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,  
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;  
And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery  
Is breathed) called out, Oh rats, rejoice!  
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery.  
So, munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,  
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!  
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,  
All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
Glorious scarce an inch before me,  
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!  
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'

You should have heard the Hamelin people  
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.  
'Go,' cried the Mayor, 'and get long poles!  
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!  
Consult with carpenters and builders,  
And leave in our town not even a trace  
Of the rats!'-when suddenly, up the face  
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,  
With a, 'First, if you please, my thousand guilders!'

A thousand guilders. The Mayor looked blue;      155  
So did the Corporation too.  
For council dinners made rare havoc

- With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;  
 And half the money would replenish  
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish. . . . . 16c
- To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!  
 'Beside,' quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,  
 'Our business was done at the river's brink;  
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink, . . . . . 165  
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.  
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
 From the duty of giving you something for drink,  
 And a matter of money to put in your poke;  
 But as for the guilders, what we spoke . . . . . 170  
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.  
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.  
 A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!' . . . . .
- The piper's face fell, and he cried,  
 'No trifling! I can't wait, beside!  
 I've promised to visit by dinner time . . . . . 175  
 Bagdad, and accept the prime  
 Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,  
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—  
 With him I proved no bargain-driver, . . . . . 180  
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!  
 And folks who put me in a passion  
 May find me pipe to another fashion.'
- 'How?' cried the Mayor, 'd'ye think I'll brook  
 Being worse treated than a Cook? . . . . . 185  
 Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald?  
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,  
Blow your pipe there till you burst!

190

Once more he stept into the street;  
And to his lips again  
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;  
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
Never gave the enraptured air)

195

There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling  
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,  
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering, 200  
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,  
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

205

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,  
Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by—  
And could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
As the Piper turned from the High Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters

210

215

Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However, he turned from South to West,

And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,

220-

And after him the children pressed;

Great was the joy in every breast.

'He never can cross that mighty top!

He's forced to let the piping drop,

And we shall see our children stop!'

225

When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,

As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;

And the Piper advanced and the children followed,

And when all were in to the very last,

230

The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

Did I say, all? No! One was lame,

And could not dance the whole of the way;

And in after years, if you would blame

His sadness, he was used to say,—

235

'It's dull in our town since my playmates left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the Piper also promised me.

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,

240

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,

And everything was strange and new;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,

245

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,

And honey-bees had lost their stings,

And horses were born with eagles' wings:

# The Pied Piper of Hamelin

And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured, 250  
The music stopped and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the Hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before  
And never hear of that country more!'

255

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate  
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate  
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate  
As the needle's eye takes a camel in! 260  
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,  
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,

265

And bring the children behind him.  
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,  
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,  
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly  
If, after the day of the mouth and year,  
These words did not as well appear,  
'And so long after what happened here

270

On the Twenty-second of July,  
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:' 275  
And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the children's last retreat,  
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—

- Where any one playing on pipe or tabor  
Was sure for the future to lose his labour. 280
- Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern  
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;  
But opposite the place of the cavern  
They wrote the story on a column,  
And on the great Church-Window painted 285  
The same, to make the world acquainted  
How their children were stolen away;  
And there it stands to this very day.  
And I must not omit to say  
That in Transylvania there's a tribe 290  
Of alien people that ascribe  
The outlandish ways and dress  
On which their neighbours lay such stress,  
To their fathers and mothers having risen  
Out of some subterraneous prison 295  
Into which they were trepanned  
Long time ago in a mighty band  
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
But how or why, they don't understand.
- So, Willy, let me and you be wipers 300  
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:  
And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,  
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING

## CREÇY

**A**t Creçy by Somme in Ponthieu  
High up on a windy hill

A mill stands out like a tower;

King Edward stands on the mill.

The plain is seething below

5

As Vesuvius seethes with flame,

But O! not with fire, but gore,

Earth incarnadined o'er,

Crimson with shame and with fame:—

To the King run the messengers, crying

10

'Thy Son is hard-press'd to the dying!'

—'Let alone: for to-day will be written in story

To the great world's end, and for ever:

So let the boy have the glory.'

Erin and Gwalia there

15

With England are rank'd against France;

Outfacing the oriflamme red

The red dragons of Merlin advance:—

As a harvest in autumn renew'd

The lances bend o'er the fields;

20

Snow-thick our arrow-heads white

Level the foe as they light;

Knighthood to yeomanry yields:—

Proud heart, the King watches, as higher

Goes the blaze of the battle, and nigher:—

25

—'To-day is a day will be written in story

To the great world's end, and for ever!

Let the boy alone have the glory.'

Harold at Senlac-on-Sea  
 By Norman arrow laid low— 30  
 When the shield-wall was breach'd by the shaft,  
   —Thou art revenged by the bow!  
 Chivalry! name of romance!  
   Thou art henceforth but a name!  
 Weapon that none can withstand, 35  
 Yew in the Englishman's hand,  
   Flight-shaft unerring in aim!  
 As a lightning-struck forest the foemen  
 Shiver down to the stroke of the bowmen:—  
   —'O to-day is a day will be written in story 40  
     To the great world's end, and for ever!  
     So, let the boy have the glory.'

Pride of Liguria's shore  
 Genoa wrestles in vain;  
 Vainly Bohemia's King 45  
   Kinglike is laid with the slain.  
 The Blood-lake is wiped out in blood,  
   The shame of the centuries o'er;  
 Where the pride of the Norman had sway  
   The lions lord over the fray, 50  
   The legions of France are no more:—  
 —The Prince to his father kneels lowly;  
 —'His is the battle! his wholly!  
   For to-day is a day will be written in story  
     To the great world's end, and for ever: 55  
       So let him have the spurs, and the glory!'

F. T. PALGRAVE

*A BALLAD OF ORLEANS*

THE fray began at the middle-gate,  
Between the night and the day;  
Before the matin bell was rung  
The foe was far away.  
No knight in all the land of France  
Could gar that foe to flee,  
Till up there rose a young maiden,  
And drove them to the sea.

*Sixty forts around Orleans town,  
And sixty forts of stone!  
Sixty forts at our gates last night—  
To-day there is not one!*

Talbot, Suffolk, and Pole are fled  
Beyond the Loire, in fear—  
Many a captain who would not drink  
Hath drunken deeply there—  
Many a captain is fallen and drowned,  
And many a knight is dead,  
And many die in the misty dawn  
While the forts are burning red.

*Sixty forts around Orleans town, &c.*

The blood ran off our spears all night  
As the rain runs off the roofs—  
God rest their souls that fell i' the fight  
Among our horses' hoofs!

5

10

15

20

25

They came to rob us of our own  
With sword and spear and lance,  
They fell and clutched the stubborn earth,  
And bit the dust of France!

*Sixty forts around Orleans town, &c.*

30

We fought across the moonless dark  
Against their unseen hands—  
A knight came out of Paradise  
And fought among our bands.  
Fight on, O maiden knight of God!  
Fight on and never tire,  
For lo! the misty break o' the day  
Sees all their forts on fire!

*Sixty forts around Orleans town, &c.*

A. M. F. ROBINSON

### *LOCHINVAR*

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;  
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,  
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

5

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

10

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword      15  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word)  
 'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—      20  
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,      25  
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—  
 'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.      30

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
 plume;  
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "Twere better by  
 far,      35  
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."  
 One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood  
 near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung! 40  
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mounting mong Græmes of the Netherby  
clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, 45  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

### *THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS*

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal  
sport,

And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;  
The nobles fill'd the benches, with the ladies in their  
pride,

And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for  
whom he sighed:

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning  
show,

Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts  
below. 5

## The Glove and the Lions

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;  
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind  
went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one  
another,

Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous  
smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through  
the air;

Said Francis then, 'Faith, gentlemen, we're better here  
than there!'

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous, lively  
dame,

With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always  
seem'd the same:

She thought, 'The Count, my lover, is brave as brave  
can be;

He surely would do wondrous things to show his love  
of me!

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine,  
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be  
mine!'

She dropped her glove to prove his love: then looked at  
him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions  
wild!

The leap was quick; return was quick; he has regained  
his place;

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the  
lady's face!

‘By Heav’n!’ said Francis, ‘rightly done!’ and he rose  
from where he sat:  
‘No love,’ quoth he, ‘but vanity, sets love a task like that!’

LEIGH HUNT

*DAVID GWYNN’S STORY*

*of how he and the Golden Skeleton crippled the Great Armada  
sailing out*

‘A GALLEY lie’ they called my tale; but he  
Whose talk is with the deep kens mighty tales:  
The man, I say, who helped to keep you free  
    Stands here, a truthful son of truthful Wales.  
Slandered by England as a loose-lipped liar,         5  
    Banished from Ireland, branded rogue and thief,  
Here stands that Gwynn whose life of torments dire  
Heaven sealed for England, sealed in blood and fire—  
    Stands asking here Truth’s one reward, belief!

And Spain shall tell, with pallid lips of dread,         10  
    This tale of mine—shall tell, in future days,  
How Gwynn, the galley-slave, once fought and bled  
    For England when she moved in perilous ways;  
But say, ye gentlemen of England, sprung  
    From loins of men whose ghosts have still the sea— 15  
Doth England—she who loves the loudest tongue—  
Remember mariners whose deeds are sung  
    By waves where flowed their blood to keep her free?

Taller the spectre grows mid' ocean's din;

The captain sees the Skeleton and pales:

I give the sign: the slaves cry, 'Ho, for Gwynn!' 129

'Teach them', quoth I, 'the way we grip in Wales.'

And, leaping down where hateful boatswains shake,

I win the key—let loose a storm of slaves:

'When captives hold the whip, let drivers quake,'

They cry; 'sit down, ye Dons, and row for Drake,

Or drink to England's Queen in foaming waves.' 135

We leap adown the hatches; in the dark

We stab the Dons at random, till I see

A spark that trembles like a tinder-spark,

Waxing and brightening, till it seems to be

A fleshless skull, with eyes of joyful fire:

140

Then, lo! a bony shape with lifted hands—

A bony mouth that chants an anthem dire,

O'ertopping groans, o'ertopping Ocean's quire—

A skeleton with Inca's diadem stands!

It sings the song I heard an Indian sing,

145

Chained by the ruthless Dons to burn at stake,

When priests of Tophet chanted in a ring,

Sniffing man's flesh at roast for Christ His sake.

The Spaniards hear: they see: they fight no more;

They cross their foreheads, but they dare not speak.

Anon the spectre, when the strife is o'er, ~~choos~~. 151

Melts from the dark, then glimmers as before,

Burning upon the conquered galley's beak.

And now the moon breaks through the night, and shows  
 The *Royal* bearing down upon our craft— 155  
 Then comes a broadside close at hand, which strows  
 Our deck with bleeding bodies fore and aft.  
 I take the helm; I put the galley near:  
 We grapple in silver sheen of moonlit surge.  
 Amid the *Royal's* din I laugh to hear 160  
 The curse of many a British mutineer,  
 The crack, crack, crack of boatswain's biting scourge.

'Ye scourge in vain,' quoth I, 'scourging for life  
 Slaves who shall row no more to save the Don';  
 For from the *Royal's* poop, above the strife, 165  
 Their captain gazes at our Skeleton!  
 'What! is it thou, Pirate of *El Dorado*?'  
 He shouts in English tongue. And there, behold!  
 Stands he, the devil's commodore, Medrado.  
 'Ay! ay!' quoth I, 'Spain owes me one strappado  
 For scuttling Philip's ship of stolen gold.' 171

'I come for that strappado now,' quoth I.  
 'What means yon thing of burning bones?' he saith.  
 "Tis God's Revenge cries "Bloody Spain shall die!"  
 The king of *El Dorado*'s name is Death. 175  
 Strike home, ye slaves; your hour is coming swift,'  
 I cry; 'strong hands are stretched to save you now;  
 Show yonder spectre you are worth the gift.'  
 But when the *Royal*, captured, rides adrift,  
 I look: the Skeleton hath left our prow. 180

When all are slain, the tempest's wings have fled,  
But still the sea is dreaming of the storm:  
Far down the offing glows a spot of red,  
My soul knows well it hath that Inca's form.  
'It lights', quoth I, 'the red cross banner of Spain: 135  
There on the flagship where Medina sleeps—  
Hell's banner, wet with sweat of Indians' pain,  
And tears of women yoked to treasure train,  
Scarlet of blood for which the New World weeps.'

There on the dark the flagship of the Don 190  
To me seems luminous of the spectre's glow;  
But soon an arc of gold, and then the Sun,  
Rise o'er the reddening billows, proud and slow;  
Then, through the curtains of the morning mist,  
That take all shifting colours as they shake, 195  
I see the great Armada coil and twist  
Miles, miles along the ocean's amethyst,  
Like hell's old snake of hate—the wingèd snake.

And, when the hazy veils of Morn are thinned,  
That snake accursed, with wings which swell and puff  
Before the slackening horses of the wind, 201  
Turns into shining ships that tack and luff.  
'Behold', quoth I, 'their floating citadels,  
The same the priests have vouched for musket-proof,  
Caracks and hulks and nimble caravels, 205  
That sailed with us to sound of Lisbon bells—  
Yea, sailed from Tagus' mouth, for Christ's behoof.

For Christ's behoof they sailed: see how they go

With that red skeleton to show the way

There sitting on Medina's stem aglow—

210

A hundred sail and forty-nine, men say;

Behold them, brothers, galleon and galleasse—

Their dizened turrets bright of many a plume,

Their gilded poops, their shining guns of brass,

Their trucks, their flags—behold them, how they pass—

With God's Revenge for figurehead—to Doom!' 216

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

*'HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM  
GHENT TO AIX'*

¶ SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;

¶ I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;

'Good speed!' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;

'Speed!' echoed the wall to us galloping through;

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,

5

And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace

Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,

Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,

Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacken the bit, 11

Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see; 15  
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,  
So Joris broke silence with, 'Yet there is time!'

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one, 20  
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track; 26  
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on. 30

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, 'Stay spur!  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,  
We'll remember at Aix'—for one heard the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, 35  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;  
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white, 41  
And 'Gallop,' gasped Joris, 'for Aix is in sight!'

'How they'll greet us!'—and all in a moment his roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;      44  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,      50  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or  
good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round      55  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;  
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news from  
Ghent.      60

ROBERT BROWNING

### KILLIECRANKIE

ON the heights of Killiecrankie  
Yester-morn our army lay:  
Slowly rose the mist in columns  
From the river's broken way;

Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,  
And the Pass was wrapt in gloom,  
When the clansmen rose together  
From their lair amidst the broom.

Then we belted on our tartans,  
And our bonnets down we drew,  
And we felt our broadswords' edges,  
And we proved them to be true;  
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,  
And we cried the gathering-cry,  
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,  
And we swore to do or die!

Then our leader rode before us  
On his war-horse black as night—  
Well the Cameronian rebels

Knew that charger in the fight!  
And a cry of exultation  
From the bearded warriors rose;  
For we loved the house of Claver'se,  
And we thought of good Montrose.  
But he raised his hand for silence—

'Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:  
Ere the evening star shall glisten  
On Schehallion's lofty brow,  
Either we shall rest in triumph,  
Or another of the Graemes

Shall have died in battle-harness  
For his country and King James!

Think upon the Royal Martyr—  
Think of what his race endure—  
Think of him whom butchers murdered

5

10

15

20

25

30

35

- On the field of Magus Muir:—  
 By his sacred blood I charge ye,  
     By the ruined hearth and shrine—  
 By the blighted hopes of Scotland,  
     By your injuries and mine—      40  
 Strike this day as if the anvil  
     Lay beneath your blows the while,  
 Be they covenanting traitors,  
     Or the brood of false Argyle!  
 Strike! and drive the trembling rebels      45  
     Backward o'er the stormy Forth;  
 Let them tell their pale Convention  
     How they fared within the North.  
 Let them tell that Highland honour  
     Is not to be bought nor sold,      50  
 That we scorn their prince's anger  
     As we loathe his foreign gold.  
 Strike! and when the fight is over,  
     If ye look in vain for me,  
 Where the dead are lying thickest,      55  
     Search for him that was Dundee!'
- Loudly then the hills re-echoed  
     With our answer to his call,  
 But a deeper echo sounded  
     In the bosoms of us all.      60  
 For the lands of wide Breadalbane,  
     Not a man who heard him speak  
 Would that day have left the battle.  
     Burning eye and flushing cheek  
 Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,      65

And they harder drew their breath;  
 For their souls were strong within them,  
 Stronger than the grasp of death.  
 Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet  
 Sounding in the Pass below,  
 And the distant tramp of horses,  
 And the voices of the foe:  
 Down we crouched amid the bracken,  
 Till the Lowland ranks drew near,  
 Panting like the hounds in summer,  
 When they scent the stately deer.  
 From the dark defile emerging,  
 Next we saw the squadrons come,  
 Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers  
 Marching to the tuck of drum;  
 Through the scattered wood of birches,  
 O'er the broken ground and heath,  
 Wound the long battalion slowly,  
 Till they gained the plain beneath;  
 Then we bounded from our covert.

Judge how looked the Saxons then,  
 When they saw the rugged mountain  
 Start to life with armèd men!  
 Like a tempest down the ridges  
 Swept the hurricane of steel,  
 Rose the slogan of Macdonald—  
 Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!  
 Vainly sped the withering volley  
 'Mongst the foremost of our band—  
 On we poured until we met them,  
 Foot to foot, and hand to hand.

70

75

80

85

90

95

Horse and man went down like drift-wood  
 When the floods are black at Yule,  
 And their carcasses are whirling  
 In the Garry's deepest pool.

100

Horse and man went down before us—  
 Living foe there tarried none  
 On the field of Killiecrankie,  
 When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining  
 On Schehallion's distant head,  
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords,  
 And returned to count the dead.

105

There we found him gashed and gory,  
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,  
 As he told us where to seek him,  
 In the thickest of the slain.

110

And a smile was on his visage,  
 For within his dying ear  
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,

115

And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:  
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,  
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
 In the glory of his manhood

Passed the spirit of the Græme!

120

W. E. AYTOUN

*HERVÉ RIEL*

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French—woe to France!  
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,  
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks  
pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,  
With the English fleet in view. 6

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full  
chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,  
Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,  
Twenty-two good ships in all; 10

And they signalled to the place

'Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or,  
quicker still,

Here's the English can and will!'

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on  
board; 15

'Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to  
pass?' laughed they:

'Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred  
and scored,

Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns  
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,  
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty  
tons, 20

And with flow at full beside?  
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.  
Reach the mooring? Rather say,  
While rock stands or water runs,  
Not a ship will leave the bay!" 25

Then was called a council straight.  
Brief and bitter the debate:  
'Here's the English at our heels; would you have them  
take in tow  
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and  
bow,  
For a prize to Plymouth Sound? 30  
Better run the ships aground!'  
(Ended Damfreville his speech).  
Not a minute more to wait!  
'Let the Captains all and each  
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the  
beach! 35  
France must undergo her fate.

Give the word!' But no such word  
Was ever spoke or heard;  
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these  
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second,  
third? 40  
No such man of mark, and meet  
With his betters to compete!  
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the  
fleet,  
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, 'What mockery or malice have we here?' cries  
Hervé Riel:

45

'Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools,  
or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the sound-  
ings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell  
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river dis-  
embogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's  
for?

50

Morn and eve, night and day,  
Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than  
fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me  
there's a way!

55

Only let me lead the line,  
Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know  
well,

60

Right to Solidor past Grève,  
And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,

—Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head!' cries  
Hervé Riel.

65

Not a minute more to wait.

'Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!' cried  
its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

70

Still the north-wind, by God's grace!

See the noble fellow's face,

As the big ship with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas  
profound!

75

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the  
ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past,

80

All are harboured to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas 'Anchor!'—sure as fate

Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:

They see the green trees wave

85

On the heights o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

'Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance,

90

As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!'  
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's coun-  
tenance!

Out burst all with one accord,

'This is Paradise for Hell!'

95

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing!'

What a shout, and all one word,

'Hervé Riel!'

As he stepped in front once more,

100

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, 'My friend,

I must speak out at the end,

105

Though I find the speaking hard.

Praise is deeper than the lips:

You have saved the King his ships,

You must name your own reward.

'Faith our sun was near eclipse!

110

Demand whate'er you will,

France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not  
Damfreville.'

Then a beam of fun outbreake

On the bearded mouth that spoke,

115

As the honest heart laughed through

Those frank eyes of Breton blue:

'Since I needs must say my say,  
Since on board the duty's done,  
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it  
but a run?—

120

Since 'tis ask and have, I may—

Since the others go ashore—  
Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle  
Aurore!'

That he asked and that he got—nothing more.

125

Name and deed alike are lost:

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;  
Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing smack,

130

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack  
All that France saved from the fight whence England  
bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell  
On the Louvre, face and flank!

135

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé  
Riel.

So, for better and for worse,  
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife, the  
Belle Aurore!

140

ROBERT BROWNING

WINSTANLEY

WINSTANLEY's deed, you kindly folk,  
With it I fill my lay,  
And a nobler man ne'er walked the world,  
Let his name be what it may.

The good ship *Snowdrop* tarried long, 5  
Up at the vane looked he;  
'Belike,' he said, for the wind had dropped,  
'She lieth becalmed at sea.'

Then stepped two mariners down the street,  
With looks of grief and fear: 10  
'Now, if Winstanley be your name,  
We bring you evil cheer!

'For the good ship *Snowdrop* struck—she struck  
On the rock—the Eddystone,  
And down she went with threescore men, 15  
We two being left alone.'

'O thou brave skipper, blithe and kind,  
O mariners bold and true,  
Sorry at heart, right sorry am I,  
A-thinking of yours and you.' 20

The *Snowdrop* sank at Lammas tide,  
All under the yeasty spray;  
On Christmas Eve the brig *Content*  
Was also cast away.

He little thought o' New Year's night,  
So jolly as he sat then,  
While drank the toast and praised the roast  
The round-faced Aldermen—

He little thought on Plymouth Hoe,  
With every rising tide,  
How the wave washed in his sailor lads,  
And laid them side by side.

There stepped a stranger to the board:  
‘Now, stranger, who be ye?’

He looked to right, he looked to left,  
And ‘Rest you merry,’ quoth he;

‘For you did not see the brig go down,  
Or ever a storm had blown;  
For you did not see the white waves rear  
At the rock—the Eddystone.

‘She drove at the rock with sternsails set;  
Crash went the masts in twain;  
She staggered back with her mortal blow,  
Then leaped at it again.

‘There rose a great cry, bitter and strong,  
The misty moon looked out!  
And the water swarmed with seamen’s heads,  
And the wreck was strewed about.

‘I saw her mainsail lash the sea  
As I clung to the rock alone;  
Then she heeled over, and down she went,  
And sank like any stone.

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'She was a fair ship, but all's one!  
 For naught could bide the shock!  
 'I will take horse,' Winstanley said,  
 'And see this deadly rock.'

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town  
 All in the sleet and snow,  
 And he looked around on shore and sound  
 As he stood on Plymouth Hoe.

Till a pillar of spray rose far away,  
 And shot up its stately head,  
 Reared and fell over, and reared again:  
 "Tis the rock! the rock!" he said.

Straight to the Mayor he took his way,  
 'Good Master Mayor,' quoth he,  
 'I am a mercer of London town,  
 And owner of vessels three—

'But for your rock of dark renown,  
 I had five to track the main.'

'You are one of many,' the old Mayor said,  
 'That on the rock complain.'

'Lend me a lighter, good Master Mayor,  
 And a score of shipwrights free,  
 For I think to raise a lantern tower  
 On this rock o' destiny.'

The old Mayor looked him in the face,  
 And answered: 'Have thy way;  
 Thy heart is stout, as if round about  
 It was braced with an iron stay.'

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Winstanley chose him men and gear;  
He said, 'My time I waste,'  
For the seas ran seething up the shore,  
And the wrack drove on in haste.

Then he and the sea began their strife, 85  
And worked with power and might:  
Whatever the man reared up by day  
The sea broke down by night.

In fine weather and foul weather  
The rock his arts did flout, 90  
Through the long days and the short days,  
Till all that year ran out.

Now March was gone, came April in,  
And a sea-fog settled down,  
And forth sailed he on a glassy sea, 95  
He sail'd from Plymouth town.

A Scottish schooner made the port,  
The thirteenth day at e'en:  
'As I am a man,' the captain cried,  
'A strange sight I have seen:' 100

'And a strange sound heard, my masters all,  
At sea in the fog and the rain,  
Like shipwrights' hammers tapping low,  
Then loud, then low again.'

'And a stately house one instant showed, 105  
Through a rift, on the vessel's lee:  
What manner of creatures may be those  
That build upon the sea?'

'Winstanley's house at sea!'



Then sighed the folk, 'The Lord be praised!'

And they flocked to the shore amain;  
All over the Hoe that livelong night  
Many stood out in the rain.

It ceased, and the red sun reared his head,  
And the rolling fog did flee;  
And, lo! in the offing faint and far  
Winstanley's house at sea!

In fair weather, with mirth and cheer,  
The stately tower uprose;  
In foul weather, with hunger and cold,  
They were content to close;

Till up the stair Winstanley went,  
To fire the wick afar;  
And Plymouth in the silent night  
Look'd out and saw her star.

Winstanley set his foot ashore:  
Said he, 'My work is done;  
I hold it strong to last as long  
As aught beneath the sun.'

'But if it fail, as fail it may,  
Borne down with ruin and rout,  
Another than I shall rear it high,  
And brace the girders stout.'

'A better than I shall rear it high,  
For now the way is plain,  
And tho' I were dead,' Winstanley said,  
'The light would shine again.'

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With that Winstanley went his way,  
 And left the rock renowned,  
 And summer and winter his pilot star  
 Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

140

But it fell out, fell out at last,  
 That he would put to sea,  
 To scan once more his lighthouse tower  
 On the rock o' destiny.

And the winds woke, and the storm broke,      145  
 And wrecks came plunging in;  
 None in the town that night lay down,  
 Or sleep or rest to win.

And when the dawn, the dull, grey dawn,  
 Broke on the trembling town,      150  
 And men looked south to the harbour mouth,  
 The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth sleep,  
 Who made it shine afar,  
 And then in the night that drowned its light,      155  
 Set, with his pilot star.

JEAN INGELOW

*THE BALLAD OF 'BEAU BROCADE'*

'Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!'—BEGGAR'S OPERA

## I

SEVENTEEN hundred and thirty-nine:  
 That was the date of this tale of mine.

First great GEORGE was buried and gone;  
GEORGE the Second was plodding on.

LONDON then, as the 'Guides' aver, 5  
Shared its glories with Westminster;

And people of rank to correct their 'tone'  
Went out of town to *Marybone*.

Those were the days of the War with *Spain*;  
PORTO-BELLO would soon be ta'en; 10

WHITEFIELD preached to the colliers grim;  
Bishops in lawn sleeves preached at him;

WALPOLE talked of 'a man and his price';  
Nobody's virtue was over-nice;

Those, in fine, were the brave days when 15  
Coaches were stopped by . . . *Highwaymen*!

And of all the knights of the gentle trade  
Nobody bolder than 'BEAU BROCADE'.

This they knew on the whole way down;  
Best—maybe—at the '*Oak and Crown*'. 20

(For timorous cits on their pilgrimage  
Would 'club' for a 'Guard' to ride the stage;

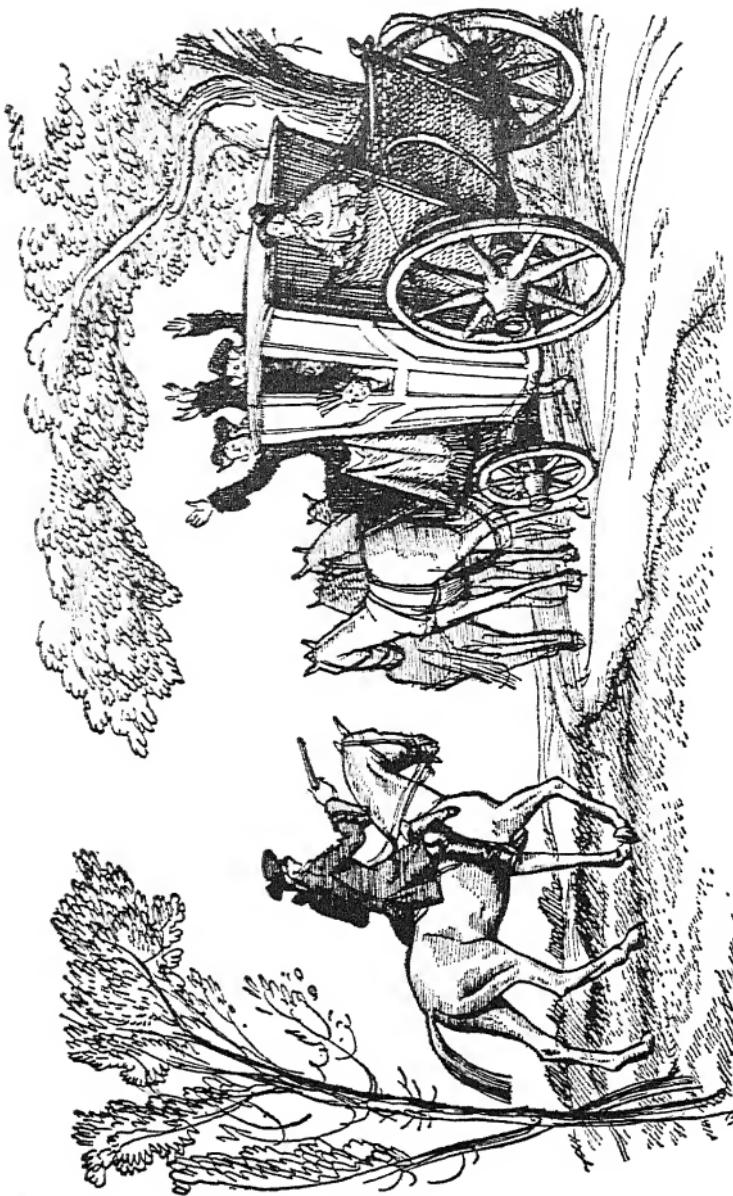
And the Guard that rode on more than one  
Was the Host of this hostel's sister's son.)

Open we here on a March day fine, 25  
Under the oak with the hanging sign.

There was Barber DICK with his basin by;  
Cobbler JOE with the patch on his eye;

## The Ballad of 'Beau Brocade'

- Portly product of Beef and Beer,  
JOHN the host, he was standing near. 30
- Straining and creaking, with wheels awry,  
Lumbering came the '*Plymouth Fly*'—
- Lumbering up from *Bagshot Heath*,  
Guard in the basket armed to the teeth;
- Passengers heavily armed inside; 35  
Not the less surely the coach had been tried!
- Tried!—but a couple of miles away,  
By a well-dressed man!—in the open day!
- Tried successfully, never a doubt—  
Pockets of passengers all turned out! 40
- Cloak-bags rifled, and cushions ripped—  
Even an Ensign's wallet stripped!
- Even a Methodist hosier's wife  
Offered the choice of her Money or Life!
- Highwayman's manners no less polite, 45  
Hoped that their coppers (returned) were right—
- Sorry to find the company poor,  
Hoped next time they'd travel with more—
- Plucked them all at his ease, in short:  
Such was the '*Plymouth Fly's*' report. 50
- Sympathy! horror! and wonderment!  
'Catch the Villain!' (But Nobody went.)
- Hosier's wife led into the Bar  
(That's where the best strong waters are!)



'Lumbering came the "Plymouth Fly",'

## The Ballad of 'Beau Brocade'

Followed the tale of the hundred-and-one      55  
Things that Somebody ought to have done.

Ensign (of BRAGG's) made a terrible clangour:  
But for the Ladies had drawn his hanger!

Robber, of course, was 'BEAU BROCADE';  
Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid.      60

Devonshire DOLLY, plump and red,  
Spoke from the gallery overhead—

Spoke it out boldly, staring hard:—  
'Why didn't you shoot then, GEORGE the Guard?'

Spoke it out bolder, seeing him mute:—      65  
'GEORGE the Guard, why didn't you shoot?'

Portly JOHN grew pale and red,  
(JOHN was afraid of her, people said);

Gasped that 'DOLLY was surely cracked'  
(JOHN was afraid of her—that's a fact!)      70

GEORGE the Guard grew red and pale,  
Slowly finished his quart of ale:—

'Shoot? Why—Rabbit him!—didn't he shoot?'  
Muttered—"The Baggage was far too cute!"

'Shoot? Why, he'd flashed the pan in his eye!'      75  
Muttered—"She'd pay for it by and by!"  
Further than this made no reply.

Nor could a further reply be made,  
*For GEORGE was in league with 'BEAU BROCADE'!*

And JOHN the Host, in his wakefullest state,        80  
 Was not—on the whole—immaculate.

But nobody's virtue was over-nice  
 When WALPOLE talked of 'a man and his price';  
 And wherever Purity found abode,  
 'Twas certainly *not* on a posting road.        85

## II

'Forty' followed to 'Thirty-nine,'  
 Glorious days of the *Hanover* line!

Princes were born, and drums were banged;  
 Now and then batches of Highwaymen hanged.

'Glorious news!'—from the *Spanish Main*;        90  
 PORTO-BELLO at last was ta'en.

'Glorious news!'—for the liquor trade;  
 Nobody dreamed of 'BEAU BROCADE'.

People were thinking of *Spanish Crowns*;  
*Money* was coming from seaport towns!        95

Nobody dreamed of 'BEAU BROCADE'  
 (Only DOLLY the Chambermaid!)

Blessings on VERNON! Fill up the cans;  
*Money* was coming in 'Flys' and 'Vans'.

Possibly, JOHN the Host had heard;        100  
 Also, certainly, GEORGE the Guard.

And DOLLY had possibly tidings, too,  
 That made her rise from her bed anew,

Plump as ever, but stern of eye,  
With a fixed intention to warn the 'Fly'.  
105

Lingering only at JOHN his door,  
Just to make sure of a jerky snore;

Saddling the grey mare, *Dumpling Star*;  
Fetching the pistol out of the bar

(The old horse-pistol that, they say,  
Came from the battle of *Malplaquet*);  
110

Loading with powder that maids would use,  
Even in 'Forty', to clear the flues;

And a couple of silver buttons the Squire  
Gave her, away in *Devonshire*.  
115

These she wadded—for want of better—  
With the B-SH-P of L-ND-N's 'Pastoral Letter';

Looked to the flint, and hung the whole,  
Ready to use, at her pocket-hole.

Thus equipped and accoutred, DOLLY  
Clattered away to 'Exciseman's Folly'—  
120

Such was the name of a ruined abode,  
Just on the edge of the *London* road.

Thence she thought she might safely try,  
As soon as she saw it, to warn the 'Fly'.  
125

But, as chance fell out, her rein she drew,  
As the BEAU came cantering into the view.

By the light of the moon she could see him drest  
In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest;

And under his silver-grey surtout,  
The laced, historical coat of blue,

133

That he wore when he went to *London-Spaw*,  
And robbed Sir MUNGO MUCKLETHRAW.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid  
(Trembling a little, but not afraid),  
‘Stand and Deliver, O “BEAU BROCADE”!’,

135

But the BEAU drew nearer, and would not speak,  
For he saw by the moonlight a rosy cheek;

And a spavined mare with a rusty hide;  
And a girl with her hand at her pocket-side.

140

So never a word he spake as yet,  
For he thought ‘twas a freak of MEG or BET—  
A freak of the ‘*Rose*’ or the ‘*Rummer*’ set.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid  
(Tremulous now, and sore afraid),  
‘Stand and Deliver, O “BEAU BROCADE”!’,

145

Firing then, out of sheer alarm,  
Hit the BEAU in the bridle-arm.

Button the first went none knows where,  
But it carried away his *solitaire*;

150

Button the second a circuit made,  
Glanced in under the shoulder-blade—  
Down from the saddle fell ‘BEAU BROCADE’!

Down from the saddle and never stirred!—  
DOLLY grew white as a *Windsor* curd.

155

## The Ballad of 'Beau Brocade'

Slipped not less from the mare, and bound  
Strips of her kirtle about his wound.

Then, lest his Worship should rise and flee,  
Fettered his ankles—tenderly.

Jumped on his chestnut, BET the fleet  
(Called after BET of *Portugal Street*);

160

Came like the wind to the old Inn-door—  
Roused fat JOHN from a threefold snore—

Vowed she'd 'peach if he misbehaved . . .  
Briefly, the '*Plymouth Fly*' was saved!

165

*Staines* and *Windsor* were all on fire:—  
DOLLY was wed to a *Yorkshire* squire;  
Went to Town at the K—G's desire!

But whether His M—J-STY saw her or not,  
HOGARTH jotted her down on the spot;

170

And something of DOLLY one still may trace  
In the fresh contours of his '*Milkmaid's*' face.

GEORGE the Guard fled over the sea:  
JOHN had a fit—of perplexity;

Turned King's evidence, sad to state—  
But JOHN was never immaculate.

175

As for the BEAU, he was duly tried,  
When his wound was healed, at *Whitsuntide*;

Served—for a day—as the last of 'sights',  
To the world of *St. James's Street* and '*White's*',

180

Went on his way to TYBURN TREE,  
With a pomp befitting his high degree.

Every privilege rank confers:—  
Bouquet of pinks at St. Sepulchre's;

Flagon of ale at Holborn Bar;      185  
Friends (in mourning) to follow his Car—  
(‘t’ is omitted where HEROES are!)

Every one knows the speech he made;  
Swore that he ‘rather admired the Jade!’—

Waved to the crowd with his gold-laced hat;      190  
Talked to the Chaplain after that;

Turned to the Topsman undismayed . . .  
This was the finish of ‘BEAU BROCADE’!

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*And this is the Ballad that seemed to hide  
In the leaves of a dusty ‘LONDONER’s GUIDE’;*      195

*‘Humbly Inscrib’d (with curls and tails)  
By the Author to FREDERICK, Prince of WALES:—*

*‘Published by FRANCIS and OLIVER PINE;  
Ludgate-Hill, at the Blackmoor Sign.  
Seventeen-Hundred-and-Thirty-Nine.’*      200

AUSTIN DOBSON

### *FALL OF D’ASSAS*

ALONE through gloomy forest-shades  
A soldier went by night;  
No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades,  
No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round  
 The youth all cheerly passed;  
 Unchecked by aught of boding sound  
 That muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour?  
 —In his far home, perchance;  
 His father's hall, his mother's bower,  
 'Midst the gay vines of France:

Wandering from battles lost and won,  
 To hear and bless again  
 The rolling of the wide Garonne,  
 Or murmur of the Seine.

Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by?  
 Came not faint whispers near?  
 No! the wild wind hath many a sigh,  
 Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again!—and from his hand  
 What grasp hath wrenched the blade?  
 —Oh, single 'midst a hostile band,  
 Young soldier! thou'rt betrayed!

'Silence!' in undertones they cry,  
 'No whisper—not a breath!  
 The sound that warns thy comrades nigh  
 Shall sentence thee to death!'

Still, at the bayonet's point he stood,  
 And strong to meet the blow;  
 And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,  
 'Arm, arm, Auvergne! the foe!'

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The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call—  
 He heard their tumults grow;  
 And sent his dying voice through all—  
 ‘Auvergne, Auvergne! the foe!’

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FELICIA HEMANS

*PAUL REVERE'S RIDE*

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
 On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
 Hardly a man is now alive  
 Who remembers that famous day and year.

5

He said to his friend, ‘If the British march  
 By land or sea from the town to-night,  
 Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
 Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
 One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
 And I on the opposite shore will be,  
 Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
 Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
 For the country folk to be up and to arm.’

10

Then he said, ‘Good night!’ and with muffled oar  
 Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
 Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
 Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
 The *Somerset*, British man-of-war:  
 A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
 Across the moon like a prison bar,

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## Paul Kévere's Ride

And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,      25  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.      30

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made      35  
Masses and moving shapes of shade—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,      40  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,      45  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, 'All is well!'  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread      50  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,      85  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,      90  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock      95  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.      100

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze      105  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.      110

## Paul Revere's Ride

know the rest. In the books you have read,  
the British Regulars fired and fled—  
the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
n behind each fence and farmyard wall,  
sing the red-coats down the lane,  
n crossing the fields to emerge again  
l er the trees at the turn of the road,  
A l only pausing to fire and load.

115

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo for evermore!  
For, borne on a night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

120

125

130

H. W. LONGFELLOW

## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

O f Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone—

5

By each gun the lighted brand  
 In a bold determined hand;  
 And the Prince of all the land  
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine,  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line:  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
 As they drifted on their path  
 There was silence deep as death,  
 And the boldest held his breath  
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed  
 To anticipate the scene;  
 And her van the fleeter rushed  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 'Hearts of oak!' our captain cried; when each gun  
 From its adamantine lips  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back:  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom;  
 Then ceased—and all is wail  
 As they strike the shattered sail,

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## Battle of the Baltic

Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom.

35

Out spoke the victor then  
As he hailed them o'er the wave,  
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save;                          40  
So peace instead of death let us bring:  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet  
With the crews at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King.'

45

Then Denmark blessed our chief  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the day;              50  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise  
For the tidings of thy might  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
While the wine-cup shines in light;  
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,                          55  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!

60

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true,  
 On the deck of fame that died  
 With the gallant good Riou—  
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!  
 While the billow mournful rolls  
 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave!

65

70

T. CAMPBELL

*TRAFALGAR*

HEARD ye the thunder of battle  
 Low in the South and afar?  
 Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud  
 Crimson on Trafalgar?

Such another day never  
 England will look on again,  
 When the battle fought was the hottest,  
 And the hero of heroes was slain!

5

For the fleet of France and the force of Spain were  
 gather'd for fight—  
 A greater than Philip their lord, a new Armada in  
 might; 10  
 And the sails were aloft once more in the deep Gaditanian  
 bay,  
 Where *Redoubtable* and *Bucentaure* and great *Trinidad* lay;

Eager-reluctant to close; for across the bloodshed to be  
 Two navies beheld one prize in its glory—the throne of  
 the sea!

Which were bravest, who should tell? for both were  
 gallant and true;

But the greatest seaman was ours, of all that sail'd o'er  
 the blue.

From Cadiz the enemy sallied: they knew not Nelson  
 was there;

His name a navy to us, but to them a flag of despair.

From Ayamonte to Algeziras he guarded the coast,  
 Till he bore from Tavira south; and they now must fight,  
 or be lost;

Vainly they steer'd for the Rock and the Midland shelter-  
 ing sea,

For he headed the Admirals round, constraining them  
 under his lee,

Villeneuve of France, and Gravina of Spain: so they  
 shifted their ground,

They could choose,—they were more than we—and  
 they faced at Trafalgar round;

Banking their fleet two deep, a fortress-wall thirty-  
 tower'd;

In the midst, four-storied with guns, the dark *Trinidadada*  
 lower'd.

So with those.—But meanwhile, as against some dyke  
 that men massively rear,

From on high the torrent surges, to drive through the  
 dyke as a spear,

Eagle-eyed e'en in his blindness, our chief sets his double array,  
 Making the fleet two spears, to thrust at the foe, any way ... 30

'Anyhow!—without orders, each captain his Frenchman may grapple perforce:

Collingwood first' (yet the *Victory* ne'er a whit slacken'd her course).

'Signal for action! Farewell! we shall win, but we meet not again!'

—Then a low thunder of readiness ran from the decks o'er the main,

And on—as the message from masthead to masthead flew out like a flame, 35

'ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY'—they came.

—Silent they come—While the thirty black forts of the foemen's array

Clothe them in billowy snow, tier speaking o'er tier as they lay;

Flashes that came and went, as swords when the battle is rife;

But ours stood frowningly smiling, and ready for death as for life. 40

O in that interval grim, ere the furies of slaughter embrace,

Thrills o'er each man some far echo of England; some glance of some face!

—Faces gazing seaward through tears from the ocean-girt shore;

Features that ne'er can be gazed on again till the death-pang is o'er. . . .

Lone in his cabin the Admiral kneeling, and all his great heart

As a child's to the mother, goes forth to the loved one,  
who bade him depart 45

. . . O not for death, but glory! her smile would welcome him home!

Louder and thicker the thunderbolts fall:—and silent they come.

As when beyond Dongola the lion, whom hunters attack,  
Stung by their darts from afar, leaps in, dividing them back;

So between Spaniard and Frenchman the *Victory* wedged with a shout, 50

Gun against gun; a cloud from her decks and lightning went out;

Iron hailing of pitiless death from the sulphury smoke,  
Voices hoarse and parch'd, and blood from invisible stroke.

Each man stood to his work, though his mates fell smitten around, 55

As an oak of the wood, while his fellow, flame-shattered, besplinters the ground:—

Gluttons of danger for England, but sparing the foe as he lay;

For the spirit of Nelson was on them, and each was Nelson that day.

She has struck!'—he shouted. 'She burns, the *Redoubt-  
able!* Save whom we can,

Silence our guns:'—for in him the woman was great in  
the man, 60

In that heroic heart each drop girl-gentle and pure,  
Dying by those he spared:—and now Death's triumph  
was sure!

From the deck the smoke-wreath clear'd, and the foe set  
his rifle in rest,

Dastardly aiming, where Nelson stood forth, with the  
stars on his breast—

'In honour I gain'd them, in honour I die with them' ...  
Then, in his place, 65

Fell. .... 'Hardy! 'tis over; but let them not know': and  
he cover'd his face.

Silent, the whole fleet's darling they bore to the twilight  
below:

And above the war-thunder came shouting, as foe struck  
his flag after foe.

To his heart death rose: and for Hardy, the faithful, he  
cried in his pain—

'How goes the day with us, Hardy?'—"Tis ours':—Then  
he knew, not in vain, 70

Not in vain for his comrades and England he bled: how  
he left her secure,

Queen of her own blue seas, while his name and example  
endure.

O, like a lover he loved her! for her as water he pours  
Life-blood and life and love, given all for her sake, and  
for ours!

'Kiss me, Hardy!—Thank God!—I have done my duty!'  
 —And then  
 Fled that heroic soul, and left not his like among men. 75

Hear ye the heart of a nation  
 Groan, for her saviour is gone;  
 Gallant and true and tender,  
 Child and chieftain in one? 80  
 Such another day never  
 England will weep for again,  
 When the triumph darken'd the triumph,  
 And the hero of heroes was slain.

F. T. PALGRAVE

*INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP*

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon:  
 A mile or so away  
 On a little mound, Napoleon  
 Stood on our storming-day;  
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how, 5  
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
 As if to balance the prone brow  
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused 'My plans  
 That soar, to earth may fall,  
 Let once my army-leader Lannes  
 Waver at yonder wall'— 10

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
 A rider, bound on bound  
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew  
 Until he reached the mound.

15

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
 And held himself erect  
 By just his horse's mane, a boy:  
 You hardly could suspect—  
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
   Scarce any blood came through)  
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
 Was all but shot in two.

20

'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace  
 We've got you Ratisbon!

25

The Marshal's in the market-place,

And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans

Where I, to heart's desire,

30

Perched him! The Chief's eye flashed; his plans  
 Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently

Softened itself, as sheathes

A film the mother-eagle's eye

35

When her bruised eaglet breathes:

'You're wounded!' 'Nay,' his soldier's pride

Touched to the quick, he said:

'I'm killed, Sire!' And his Chief beside,

Smiling the boy fell dead.

40

ROBERT BROWNING

*THE HIGHWAYMAN*

I

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,

The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,

And the highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,

A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;

They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!

And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,

10

His pistol butts a-twinkle,

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,

And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there

15

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket  
creaked

Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and  
peaked; 20

His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy  
hay,

But he loved the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's red-lipped daughter;—

Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

'One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-  
night, 25

But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morn-  
ing light;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the  
day,

Then look for me by moonlight,

Watch for me by moonlight,

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar  
the way.' 30

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her  
hand,

But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt  
like a brand

As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his  
breast;

And he kissed its waves in the moonlight

(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!) 35

Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped  
away to the West.

II

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;

And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,  
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,

A red-coat troop came marching—  
Marching—marching—40

King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,

But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot  
of her narrow bed;

Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at  
their side!45

There was death at every window;

And hell at one dark window;

For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that  
*he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;

They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel  
beneath her breast!50

'Now keep good watch!' and they kissed her.

She heard the dead man say—

*Look for me by moonlight;*

*Watch for me by moonlight;*

*I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!* 55

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held  
good!

She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with  
sweat or blood!

They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the  
hours crawled by like years,  
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,

Cold, on the stroke of midnight,                           60  
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least  
was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for  
the rest!

Up, she stood to attention, with the barrel beneath her  
breast,

She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive  
again;

For the road lay bare in the moonlight;                   65  
Blank and bare in the moonlight;

And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed  
to her love's refrain.

*Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot!* Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs  
ringing clear;

*Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot*, in the distance? Were they deaf that  
they did not hear?

Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,  
The highwayman came riding,                           71

Riding, riding!

The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up,  
straight and still!

## The Highwayman

*Tlot-tlot*, in the frosty silence! *tlot-tlot*, in the echoing night!

Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light! 75  
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,

Then her finger moved in the moonlight,  
    Her musket shattered the moonlight,  
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—  
    with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know who stood 80

Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!

Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear

How Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
    The landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there. 85

Back he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,

With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high!

Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat;

When they shot him down on the highway,

    Down like a dog on the highway, 90

And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,*

*When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,*

*When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,*

*A highwayman comes riding—*

95

*Riding—riding—*

*A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard,*

*And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;*

*He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there*

100

*But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,*

*Bess, the landlord's daughter,*

*Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

ALFRED NOYES

### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

H ALF a league, half a league,

Half a league onward,

All in the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!

5

Charge for the guns!' he said;

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

## The Charge of the Light Brigade

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'

Was there a man dismay'd?

10

Not tho' the soldier knew

Some one had blunder'd:

Their's not to make reply,

Their's not to reason why,

Their's but to do and die:

15

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them

20

Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell

25

Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,

Flash'd as they turn'd in air,

Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while

30

All the world wonder'd:

Plunged in the battery-smoke

Right thro' the line they broke;

Cossack and Russian

Reel'd from the sabre-stroke

35

Shatter'd and sunder'd.

Then they rode back, but not,

Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
    Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
    Came thro' the jaws of Death  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
    Left of six hundred.

40

45

50

55

When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
    All the world wonder'd.  
Honour the charge they made!  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
    Noble six hundred!

LORD TENNYSON

*A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON<sup>1</sup>*

IT fell in the year of Mutiny,  
    At darkest of the night,  
John Nicholson by Jalándhar came,  
    On his way to Delhi fight.

<sup>1</sup> Natives of India who live in the Indian fashion and wear Indian shoes remove them when they enter a fellow native's house, and also on official or ceremonious occasions when they enter the house of a European.

# A Ballad of John Nicholson

And as he by Jalándhar came  
He thought what he must do,  
And he sent to the Rajah fair greeting,  
To try if he were true.

‘God grant your Highness length of days,  
And friends when need shall be;  
And I pray you send your Captains hither,  
That they may speak with me.’

On the morrow through Jalándhar town  
The Captains rode in state;  
They came to the house of John Nicholson  
And stood before the gate.

The chief of them was Mehtab Singh,  
He was both proud and sly;  
His turban gleamed with rubies red,  
He held his chin full high.

He marked his fellows how they put  
Their shoes from off their feet;  
‘Now wherefore make ye such ado  
These fallen lords to greet?’

‘They have ruled us for a hundred years,  
In truth I know not how,  
But though they be fain of mastery  
They dare not claim it now.’

Right haughtily before them all  
The durbar hall he trod,  
With rubies red his turban gleamed,  
His feet with pride were shod.

5

10

15

20

25

30

They had not been an hour together,  
A scanty hour or so,  
When Mehtab Singh rose in his place  
And turned about to go.

35

Then swiftly came John Nicholson  
Between the door and him,  
With anger smouldering in his eyes,  
That made the rubies dim.

40

‘You are over-hasty, Mehtab Singh,’—  
Oh, but his voice was low!  
He held his wrath with a curb of iron,  
That furrowed cheek and brow.

‘You are over-hasty, Mehtab Singh;  
When that the rest are gone,  
I have a word that may not wait  
To speak with you alone.’

45

The Captains passed in silence forth  
And stood the door behind;  
To go before the game was played  
Be sure they had no mind.

50

But there within John Nicholson  
Turned him on Mehtab Singh,  
‘So long as the soul is in my body  
You shall not do this thing.

55

‘Have ye served us for a hundred years  
And yet ye know not why?  
We brook no doubt of our mastery,  
We rule until we die.

60

'Were I the one last Englishman  
Drawing the breath of life,  
And you the master-rebel of all  
That stir this land to strife—

'Were I', he said, 'but a Corporal,  
And you a Rajput King,  
So long as the soul was in my body  
You should not do this thing.

'Take off, take off those shoes of pride,  
Carry them whence they came;  
Your Captains saw your insolence,  
And they shall see your shame.'

When Mehtab Singh came to the door  
His shoes they burned his hand;  
For there in long and silent lines  
He saw the Captains stand.

When Mehtab Singh rode from the gate  
His chin was on his breast:  
The Captains said, 'When the strong command  
Obedience is best.'

65

70

75

80

HENRY NEWBOLT

*THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW*

PIPES of the misty moorlands,  
Voice of the glens and hills;  
The droning of the torrents,  
The treble of the rills!

Not the braes of broom and heather,  
 Nor the mountains dark with rain,  
 Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,  
 Have heard your sweetest strain!

5

Dear to the Lowland reaper  
 And plaided mountaineer,  
 To the cottage and the castle  
 The Scottish pipes are dear—  
 Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch  
 O'er mountain, loch, and glade:  
 But the sweetest of all music  
 The pipes at Lucknow played.

10

Day by day the Indian tiger  
 Louder yelled, and nearer crept;  
 Round and round the jungle-serpent  
 Near and nearer circles swept.  
 'Pray for rescue, wives and mothers—  
 Pray to-day!' the soldier said;  
 'To-morrow, death's between us  
 And the wrong and shame we dread.'

20

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,  
 Till their hope became despair;  
 And the sobs of low bewailing  
 Filled the pauses of their prayer.  
 Then up spake a Scottish maiden,  
 With her ear unto the ground:  
 'Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?  
 The pipes o' Havelock sound!'

25

30

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;  
Hushed the wife her little ones;  
Alone they heard the drum-roll  
And the roar of Sepoy guns.

But to sounds of home and childhood  
The Highland ear was true;  
As her mother's cradle-crooning  
The mountain pipes she knew.

35

40

Like the march of soundless music  
Through the vision of the seer,  
More of feeling than of hearing,  
Of the heart than of the ear,  
She knew the droning pibroch,  
She knew the Campbell's call:  
'Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,  
The grandest o' them all!'

45

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,  
And they caught the sound at last;  
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee  
Rose and fell the piper's blast!  
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving  
Mingled woman's voice and man's;  
'God be praised!—the march of Havelock!'  
The piping of the clans!

50

55

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,  
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,  
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,  
Stinging all the air to life.

60

But when the far-off dust-cloud  
 To plaided legions grew,  
 Full tenderly and blithesomely  
 The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow, 65  
 Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,  
 Breathed the air to Britons dearest,  
 The air of Auld Lang Syne.  
 O'er the cruel roll of war-drums  
 Rose that sweet and homelike strain; 70  
 And the tartan clove the turban,  
 As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper  
 And plaided mountaineer,  
 To the cottage and the castle 75  
 The piper's song is dear—  
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch  
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade;  
 But the sweetest of all music  
 The Pipes at Lucknow played. 80

J. G. WHITTIER

*THE LAST REDOUBT*

**K**ACELYEVO's slope still felt  
 The cannon's bolt and the rifle's pelt;  
 For a last redoubt up the hill remained,  
 By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

The Last Redoubt

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;  
His lips were clenched and his look was weird;  
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,  
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

'Clear me the Muscovite out!' he cried.  
Then the name of 'Allah!' echoed wide,  
And the rifles were clutched and the bayonets lowered,  
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped  
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;  
The second—a third straight filled his place;  
The third—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,  
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,  
Many a heart that sought the crest  
Found Allah's throne and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,  
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,  
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt  
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,  
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward,  
Brandishing blade with a gallant air,  
His head erect and his bosom bare.

'Fly! they are on us!' his men implored;  
But he waved them on with his waving sword.  
'It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!'  
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt.  
 He drew a pistol from out his belt,  
 And fired it blank at the first that set  
 Foot on the edge of the parapet.

35

Over that first one toppled; but on  
 Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,  
 As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,  
 Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

41

'Yield!' But aloft his steel he flashed,  
 And down on their steel it ringing clashed;  
 Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,  
 His honour full, but his life-blood spilt.

45

Mehemet Ali came and saw  
 The riddled breast and the tender jaw.  
 'Make him a bier of your arms,' he said,  
 'And daintily bury this dainty dead!'

50

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;  
 His limbs were shapely, and soft, and round.  
 No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade:—  
 'Bismillah!' they cried, "tis an Infidel maid!"

'Dig her a grave where she stood and fell,  
 'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.  
 Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,  
 In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night.'

55

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there  
 Was dug, for the form as brave as fair;  
 And none, till the Judgement trump and shout,  
 Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

60

ALFRED AUSTIN

## RAMON

(*Refugio Mine, Northern Mexico*)

DRUNK and senseless in his place,  
Prone and sprawling on his face,  
More like brute than any man

Alive or dead—

By his great pump out of gear,

5

Lay the peon engineer,

Waking only just to hear,

Overhead,

Angry tones that called his name,

Oaths and cries of bitter blame—

10

Woke to hear all this, and, waking, turned and fled!

'To the man who'll bring to me,'

Cried Intendant Harry Lee—

Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—

'Bring the sot alive or dead,

15

I will give to him', he said,

'Fifteen hundred *pesos* down,

Just to set the rascal's crown

Underneath this heel of mine:

Since but death

20

Deserves the man whose deed,

Be it vice or want of heed,

Stops the pumps that give us breath—

Stops the pumps that suck the death

From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!'

25

No one answered; for a cry  
From the shaft rose up on high,  
And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below,  
Came the miners each, the bolder,  
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,      30  
Grappling, clinging to their hold or  
Letting go,  
As the weaker gasped and fell  
From the ladder to the well—  
To the poisoned pit of hell      35  
Down below!

'To the man who sets them free,'  
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee—  
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—  
'Brings them out and sets them free,      40  
I will give that man', said he,  
'Twice that sum, who with a rope  
Face to face with Death shall cope.  
Let him come who dares to hope!'  
'Hold your peace!' some one replied,      45  
Standing by the foreman's side;  
'There has one already gone, whoe'er he be!'

Then they held their breath with awe,  
Pulling on the rope, and saw  
Fainting figures reappear,      50  
On the black rope swinging clear,  
Fastened by some skilful hand from below;  
Till a score the level gained,  
And but one alone remained—

He the hero and the last,  
He whose skilful hand made fast  
The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer!

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he  
At the feet of Harry Lee—  
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine.

60

'I have come', he gasped, 'to claim  
Both rewards. Señor, my name  
Is Ramon!

I'm the drunken engineer,  
I'm the coward, Señor—' Here  
He fell over, by that sign,  
Dead as stone!

65

BRET HARTE

### *GUILD'S SIGNAL*

[William Guild was engineer of a train which plunged into Meadow Brook, on the line of the Stonington and Providence Railroad. It was his custom, as often as he passed his home, to whistle an 'All's well' to his wife. He was found after the disaster, dead, with his hand on the throttle-valve of his engine.—B. H.]

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,  
That was the signal the engineer—  
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—  
Gave to his wife at Providence,  
As through the sleeping town, and thence,  
Out in the night,  
On to the light,  
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

5

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,

Yet to the woman looking out,

Watching and waiting, no serenade,

Love song, or midnight roundelay

Said what that whistle seemed to say:

'To my trust true,

So love to you!

Working or waiting, good night!' it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,

Old commuters along the line,

Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,

Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,

Pierced through the shadows of Providence:

'Nothing amiss—

Nothing!—it is

Only Guild calling his wife,' they said.

Summer and winter the old refrain

Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,

Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead,

Flew down the track when the red leaves burned

Like living coals from the engine spurned;

Sang as it flew:

'To our trust true,

First of all, duty. Good night!' it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more

From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,

And the folk in Providence smiled and said

As they turned in their beds, 'The engineer

Has once forgotten his midnight cheer.'

10

15

20

25

30

35

One only knew,  
To his trust true,  
Guild lay under his engine dead.

40

BRET HARTE

*A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST*

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,*  
*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgement Seat;*  
*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,*  
*When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!*

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the Border-side,

And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:

'Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?' 10

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:

'If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.'

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into  
Bonair,

But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,  
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly, 15  
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to  
the Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn  
ye then,

For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is  
sown with Kamal's men.

There is rock to the left and rock to the right, and low  
lean thorn between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man  
is seen.' 20

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough  
dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the  
head of a gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay  
to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long  
at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the  
Tongue of Jagai, 26

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon  
her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made  
the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling  
ball went wide.

‘Ye shoot like a soldier,’ Kamal said. ‘Show now if ye  
can ride.’

It’s up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-  
devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a  
barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head  
above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a  
maiden plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low  
lean thorn between,

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho’ never a  
man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their  
hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like  
a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,  
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled  
the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room  
was there to strive—

“Twas only by favour of mine’, quoth he, ‘ye rode so  
long alive:

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a  
clump of tree,

But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked  
on his knee.

30

35

40

If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low, 45  
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a  
row:

If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it  
high,  
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she  
could not fly.'

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: 'Do good to bird  
and beast,  
But count who come for the broken meats before thou  
makest a feast. 50

If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my  
bones away,

Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief  
could pay.

They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their  
men on the garnered grain,

The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the  
cattle are slain.

But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren wait  
to sup, 55

The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn—howl, dog, and  
call them up!

And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear  
and stack,

Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own  
way back!'

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon  
his feet.

'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he, 'when wolf and grey  
wolf meet. 60

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;  
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the  
dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: 'I hold by the blood  
of my clan:

Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has  
carried a man!'

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled  
against his breast,

65

'We be two strong men,' said Kamal then, 'but she  
loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-  
studded rein,

My 'broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups  
twain.'

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,  
'Ye have taken the one from a foe,' said he; 'will ye take  
the mate from a friend?'

70

'A gift for a gift,' said Kamal straight; 'a limb for the  
risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!'

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from  
a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like  
a lance in rest.

'Now here is thy master,' Kamal said, 'who leads a troop  
of the Guides,

75

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder  
rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and  
bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.

So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,

And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line, 80

And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—

Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur.'

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault.

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod, 85

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer. 90

'Ha' done! ha' done!' said the Colonel's son. 'Put up the steel at your sides!

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!'

# A Ballad of East and West

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgement Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!*

96

RUDYARD KIPLING

## THE BALLAD OF ISKANDER

*Aflatun and Aristu and King Iskander  
Are Plato, Aristotle, Alexander*

SULTAN ISKANDER sat him down  
On his golden throne, in his golden crown,  
And shouted, 'Wine and flute-girls three,  
And the Captain, ho! of my ships at sea.'

5

He drank his bowl of wine; he kept  
The flute-girls dancing till they wept,  
Praised and kissed their painted lips,  
And turned to the Captain of All his Ships

10

And cried, 'O Lord of my Ships that go  
From the Persian Gulf to the Pits of Snow,  
Inquire for men unknown to man!'  
Said Sultan Iskander of Yoonistan.

10

'Daroosh is dead, and I am King  
Of Everywhere and Everything:  
Yet leagues and leagues away for sure  
The lion-hearted dream of war.'

15

'Admiral, I command you sail!  
 Take you a ship of silver mail,  
 And fifty sailors, young and bold,  
 And stack provision deep in the hold,' 20

'And seek out twenty men that know  
 All babel tongues which flaunt and flow;  
 And stay! Impress those learned two,  
 Old Aflatun, and Aristu.

'And set your prow South-western ways 25  
 A thousand bright and dimpling days,  
 And find me lion-hearted Lords  
 With breasts to feed Our rusting swords.'

The Captain of the Ships bowed low.  
 'Sir,' he replied, 'I will do so.' 30  
 And down he rode to the harbour mouth,  
 To choose a boat to carry him South.

And he launched a ship of silver mail,  
 With fifty lads to hoist the sail,  
 And twenty wise—all tongues they knew, 35  
 And Aflatun, and Aristu.

There had not dawned the second day  
 But the glittering galleon sailed away,  
 And through the night like one great bell  
 The marshalled armies sang farewell. 40

In twenty days the silver ship  
 Had passed the Isle of Serendip,  
 And made the flat Araunian coasts  
 Inhabited, at noon, by Ghosts.

## The Ballad of Iskander

In thirty days the ship was far  
Beyond the land of Calcobar,  
Where men drink Dead Men's Blood for wine,  
And dye their beards alizarine.

45

But on the hundredth day there came  
Storm with his windy wings aflame,  
And drove them out to that Lone Sea  
Whose shores are near Eternity.

50

For seven years and seven years  
Sailed those forgotten mariners,  
Nor could they spy on either hand  
The faintest level of good red land.

55

Bird or fish they saw not one;  
There swam no ship beside their own,  
And day-night long the lilded Deep  
Lay round them, with its flowers asleep.

60

The beams began to warp and crack,  
The silver plates turned filthy black,  
And drooping down on the carven rails  
Hung those once lovely silken sails.

And all the great ship's crew who were  
Such noble lads to do and dare  
Grew old and tired of the changeless sky  
And laid them down on the deck to die.

65

And they who spake all tongues there be  
Made antics with solemnity,  
Or closely huddled each to each  
Talked ribald in a foreign speech.

70

- And Aflatun and Aristu  
 Let their Beards grow, and their Beards grew  
 Round and about the mainmast tree                            75  
 Where they stood still, and watched the sea.
- And day by day their Captain grey  
 Knelt on the rotting poop to pray:  
 And yet despite ten thousand prayers  
 They saw no ship that was not theirs.                            80
- . . . . .
- When thrice the seven years had passed  
 They saw a ship, a ship at last!  
 Untarnished glowed its silver mail,  
 Windless bellied its silken sail.
- With a shout the grizzled sailors rose                            85  
 Cursing the years of sick repose,  
 And they who spake in tongues unknown  
 Gladly reverted to their own.
- The Captain leapt and left his prayers  
 And hastened down the dust-dark stairs,  
 And taking to hand a brazen Whip                            90  
 He woke to life the long dead ship.
- But Aflatun and Aristu,  
 Who had no work that they could do,  
 Gazed at the stranger Ship and Sea                            95  
 With their beards around the mainmast tree.
- Nearer and nearer the new boat came,  
 Till the hands cried out on the old ship's shame—  
 'Silken sail to a silver boat,  
 We too shone when we first set float!'                            100

## The Ballad of Iskander

Swifter and swifter the bright boat sped,  
But the hands spake thin like men long dead—  
*'How striking like that boat were we  
In the days, sweet days, when we put to sea.'*

The ship all black and the ship all white  
Met like the meeting of day and night.  
Met, and there lay serene dark green  
A twilight yard of the sea between.

And the twenty masters of foreign speech  
Of every tongue they knew tried each;  
Smiling, the silver Captain heard,  
But shook his head and said no word.

Then Aflatun and Aristu  
Addressed the silver Lord anew,  
Speaking their language of Yoonistan  
Like countrymen to a countryman.

And 'Whence,' they cried, 'O Sons of Pride,  
Sail you the dark eternal tide?  
Lie your halls to the South or North,  
And who is the king that sent you forth?' 120

'We live,' replied that Lord with a smile,  
'A mile beyond the millionth mile.  
We know not South and we know not North,  
And SULTAN ISKANDER sent us forth,'

Said Aristu to Aflatun—  
'Surely our King, despondent soon,  
Has sent this second ship to find  
Unconquered tracts of humankind.'

105

110

115

120

125



*'Met like the meeting of day and night'*

# The Ballad of Iskander

But Aflatun turned round on him  
Laughing a bitter laugh and grim.  
'Alas,' he said, 'O Aristu,  
A white weak thin old fool are you.'

130

'And does yon silver Ship appear  
As she had journeyed twenty year?  
And has that silver Captain's face  
A mortal or Immortal grace?'

135

'Theirs is the land (as well I know)  
Where live the Shapes of Things Below:  
Theirs is the country where they keep  
The Images men see in Sleep.'

140

'Theirs is the Land beyond the Door,  
And theirs the old ideal shore.  
They steer our ship: behold our crew  
Ideal, and our Captain too.'

'And lo! beside that mainmast tree  
Two tall and shining forms I see,  
And they are what we ought to be,  
Yet we are they, and they are we.'

145

He spake, and some young Zephyr stirred.  
The two ships touched: no sound was heard;  
The Black Ship crumbled into air;  
Only the Phantom Ship was there.

150

And a great cry rang round the sky  
Of glorious singers sweeping by,  
And calm and fair on waves that shone  
The Silver Ship sailed on and on.

155

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

*THE TURKISH TRENCH DOG*

NIGHT held me as I crawled and scrambled near  
The Turkish lines. Above, the mocking stars  
Silvered the curving parapet, and clear  
Cloud-latticed beams o'erflecked the land with bars; 5  
I, crouching, lay between  
Tense-listening armies peering through the night,  
Twin giants bound by tentacles unseen.  
Here in dim-shadowed light  
I saw him, as a sudden movement turned  
His eyes towards me, glowing eyes that burned 10  
A moment ere his snuffing muzzle found  
My trail; and then as serpents mesmerize  
He chained me with those unrelenting eyes,  
That muscle-sliding rhythm, knit and bound  
In spare-limbed symmetry, those perfect jaws 15  
And soft-approaching pitter-patter paws.  
Nearer and nearer like a wolf he crept—  
That moment had my swift revolver leapt—  
But terror seized me, terror born of shame  
Brought flooding revelation. For he came 20  
As one who offers comradeship deserved,  
An open ally of the human race,  
And sniffing at my prostrate form unnerved  
He licked my face!

GEOFFREY DEARMER

*THE LIGHTHOUSE*

JUST as my watch was done the fog had lifted,  
And we could see the flashing of our light,  
And see once more the reef beyond the Head  
Over which six days and nights the mist had drifted,  
Until it seemed all time to mist had drifted  
And day and night were but one blind white night.

5

But on the seventh midnight the wind shifted,  
And I was glad to tumble into bed,  
Thankful to hear no more the blaring horn  
That ceaselessly had sounded night and morn  
With moaning echoes through the mist to warn  
The blind bewildered ships at sea:  
Yet, though as tired as any dog,  
I lay awhile and seemed to feel  
Fog lying on my eyes still heavily,  
And still the horn unceasingly  
Sang through my head, till gradually  
Through night's strange stillness over me  
Sweet sleep began to steal,  
Sleep blind and thick and fleecy as the fog.

10

15

20

For all I knew, I might have slept  
A moment—or eternity,  
When, startled by a crash,  
I waked to find I'd leapt  
Upright on the floor;  
And stood there listening to the smash  
Of falling glass . . . and then a thud

25

Of something heavy tumbling  
 Into the next room . . .  
 A pad of naked feet . . .  
 A moan . . . a sound of stumbling . . .  
 A heavier thud . . . and then no more.  
 And I stood shivering in the gloom,  
 With creeping flesh, and tingling blood,  
 Until I gave myself a shake  
 To bring my wits more wide awake,  
 And lit a lanthorn and flung wide the door.  
 Half-dazed and dazzled by the light,  
 At first it seemed I'd only find  
 A broken pane, a flapping blind;  
 But when I raised the lanthorn o'er my head  
 I saw a naked boy upon the bed  
 Who crouched and shuddered on the folded sheet,  
 And on his face before my feet  
 A naked man who lay as if quite dead,  
 Though on his broken knuckles blood was red;  
 And all my wits awakened at the sight.  
 I set the lanthorn down and took the child,  
 Who looked at me with piteous eyes and wild,  
 And chafed his chill wet body till it glowed,  
 And, forcing spirit 'twixt his chattering teeth,  
 I tucked him snugly in beneath  
 The blankets and soon left him warmly stowed;  
 And stooped to tend the man who lay  
 Still senseless on the floor.  
 I turned him off his face  
 And laid him on the other bed,  
 And washed and staunched his wound;

30

35

40

45

50

55

## The Lighthouse

And yet, for all that I could do,  
I could not bring him to,  
Or see a trace  
Of life returning to that heavy head.

60

It seemed he'd swooned  
When through the window he'd made way,  
Just having strength to lay  
The boy in safety. Still as death  
He lay, without a breath;  
And, seeing I could do no more  
To help him in the fight for life,  
I turned again to tend the lad,  
And as I looked on him was glad  
To find him sleeping quietly.

65

So, fetching fuel, I lit a fire  
And quickly had as big a blaze  
As any housewife could desire:  
Then 'twixt the beds I set a chair,  
That I might watch until they stirred:  
And as I saw them lying there—

75

The sleeping boy and him who lay  
In that strange stiller sleep—'twas plain  
That they were son and father, now  
I'd time to look and wonder how  
In such a desperate plight,  
Without a stitch or rag,

80

They'd taken refuge from the night.

85

And, as I wondered drowsily,  
It seemed still queerer and more queer:  
For round the Head the rocks are sheer

With scarce a foothold for a bird,  
And it seemed quite beyond belief  
That any wrecked upon that reef  
Could swim ashore, and scale the crag  
By daylight, let alone by night.

90

But they who live beside the sea  
Know naught's too wonderful to be:

95

And as I sat and heard  
The quiet breathing of the child  
Great weariness came over me,

And in a kind of daze

I watched the blaze

100

With nodding head,

And must have slept, for presently

I found the man was sitting up in bed,

And talking to himself with wide unseeing eyes.

At first I hardly made out what he said:

105

But soon his voice, so hoarse and wild,

Grew calm, and, straining, I could hear

The broken words that came with many sighs.

'Yes, lad, she's going, but there's naught to fear,

For I can swim and tow you in the belt.

110

Come, let's join hands together and leap clear . . .

Ay, son, it's dark and cold . . . but you have felt

The cold and dark before . . .

And you should scorn . . .

And we must be near shore . . .

115

For hark, the horn!

Think of your mother and your home and leap . . .

She thinks of us, lad, waking or asleep . . .

## The Lighthouse

You would not leave her lonely?

Nay . . . then . . . go! . . .

Well done, lad! . . . Nay! I'm here . . .

Ay, son, it's cold: but you're too big to fear.

Now then you're snug: I've got you safe in tow:

The worst is over: and we've only

To make for land . . . we've naught . . . to do . . . but  
steer . . .

But steer . . . but steer . . .

120

125

He paused; and sank down in the bed, quite done,  
And lay a moment silent, while his son  
Still slumbered in the other bed,

And on his quiet face the firelight shone:

130

Then once again the father raised his head

And rambled on—

'Say, lad, what cheer?

I thought you'd dropt asleep, but you're all right.

We'll rest a moment . . . I'm quite out of breath . . .

135

It's further than . . . Nay, son! there's naught to fear . . .

The land must be quite near—

The horn is loud enough!

Only your father's out of puff:

He's getting fat and lazy, is your dad.

140

Ay, lad,

It's cold;

But you're too old

To cry for cold.

Now . . . keep . . . tight hold,

145

And we'll be off again.

I've got my breath . . .

He sank once more as still as death,  
 With hands that clutched the counterpane;  
 But still the boy was sleeping quietly.                   150  
 And then, the father sat up suddenly  
 And cried—‘See! see!  
 The land! The land!  
 It’s near . . . I touch it with my hand.’  
 And now ‘O God!’ he moaned.                           155  
 Small wonder, when he saw what lay before—  
 The black, unbroken crags so grim and high  
 That must have seemed to him to soar  
 Sheer from the sea’s edge to the sky.  
 But soon he plucked up heart, once more:              160  
 ‘We’re safe, lad—safe ashore!  
 A narrow ledge, but land, firm land.  
 We’ll soon be high and dry.  
 Nay, son, we can’t stay here:  
 The waves would have us back                           165  
 Or we should perish of the cold.  
 Come, lad: there’s naught to fear . . .  
 You must be brave and bold.  
 Perhaps we’ll strike a track.  
 Ay, son: it’s steep, and black                           170  
 And slimy to the hold;  
 But we must climb . . . and see! the mist is gone:  
 The stars are shining clear . . .  
 Think, son, your mother’s at the top,  
 And you’ll be up in no time. See that star,           175  
 The brightest star that ever shone,  
 Just think it’s she that watches you  
 And knows that you’ll be brave and true.

## The Lighthouse

Come lad, we may not stop . . .

Or else the cold . . .

Give me your hand . . .

Your foot there, now . . . just room to stand.

It cannot be so far . . .

We'll soon be up . . . this work should make us warm.

Thank God it's not a storm,

Or we should scarce . . . Your foot here firm . . .

Nay, lad! you must not squirm.

Come, be a man: you shall not fall:

I'll hold you tight.

There—now you are my own son after all!

Your mother, lad,

Her star burns bright . . .

And we're already half-way up the height . . .

Your mother will be glad,

Ay, she'll be glad to hear

Of her brave boy who had no fear.

185

190

195

'Your foot . . . your hand . . . 'twas but a bird  
You startled out of bed:

'Twould think it queer

To wake up suddenly and see your head;

And when you stirred . . .

Nay! steady, lad!

Or you will send your dad . . .

Your hand . . . your foot . . . We'll rest upon this ledge . . .

Why, son, we're at the top! I feel the edge

And grass—soft dewy grass!

Let go one moment and I'll draw you up . . .

Now, lad! . . . Thank God that's past!

200

205

And you are safe at last—  
 You're safe, you're safe . . . and now my precious lass 210  
 Will see her son, her little son, again.

'I never thought to reach the top to-night.  
 God! what a height!  
 Nay, but you must not look: 'twould turn your head:  
 And we must not stand shivering here . . . 215  
 And see!—a flashing light . . .  
 It's sweeping towards us, and now you stand bright . . .  
 Ah, your poor bleeding hands and feet!  
 My little son, my sweet!  
 There's nothing more to fear. 220  
 A lighthouse, lad! And we must make for it.  
 You're tired; I'll carry you a bit.  
 Nay, son: 'twill warm me up . . .  
 And there will be a fire and bed,  
 And even perhaps a cup 225  
 Of something hot to drink,  
 And something good to eat.  
 And think, son, only think—  
 Your home . . . and mother . . . once again!'

Once more, the weary head  
 Sank back upon the bed;  
 And for a while he hardly stirred,  
 But only muttered now and then  
 A broken word,  
 As though to cheer 230  
 His son, who slept so quietly  
 At the other side of me.  
 And then, my blood ran cold to hear

A sudden cry of fear:

'My son! my son!

Ah God, he's done!

240

I thought I'd laid him on the bed . . .

I've laid him on white mist instead:

He's fallen sheer . . .'

Then I sprang up and cried: 'Your son is here!' 245

And taking up the sleeping boy

I bore him to his father's arms,

And as he nestled to his breast

Kind life came back to those wild eyes

And filled them with deep joy,

And free of all alarms,

The son and father lay

Together, in sweet rest,

While through the window stole the strange clear light  
of day.

250

WILFRID GIBSON

### *HART-LEAP WELL*

THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor  
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud,  
And now, as he approached a vassal's door,  
'Bring forth another horse!' he cried aloud.

'Another horse!'—That shout the vassal heard  
And saddled his best Steed, a comely grey;  
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third  
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

5

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;  
 The horse and horseman are a happy pair;  
 But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,  
 There is a doleful silence in the air.

10

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,  
 That as they galloped made the echoes roar;  
 But horse and man are vanished, one and all;  
 Such race, I think, was never seen before.

15

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,  
 Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:  
 Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,  
 Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

20

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on  
 With suppliant gestures and upbraiding stern;  
 But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,  
 The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?

25

The bugles that so joyfully were blown?

—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;  
 Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side;  
 I will not stop to tell how far he fled,  
 Nor will I mention by what death he died;  
 But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

30

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn;  
 He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy:  
 He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,  
 But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

35

## Hart-Leap Well

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned  
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;  
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;  
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

40

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched:  
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,  
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched  
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
(Never had living man such joyful lot!)

45

Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,  
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill (it was at least  
Four rods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found  
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast  
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

50

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, 'Till now  
Such sight was never seen by human eyes:  
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow  
Down to the very fountain where he lies.

55

'I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,  
And a small arbour, made for rural joy;  
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,  
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

60

'A cunning artist will I have to frame  
A basin for that fountain in the dell!  
And they who do make mention of the same,  
From this day forth, shall call it HART-LEAP WELL.

'And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known,65  
 Another monument shall here be raised;  
 Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,  
 And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

'And in the summer-time, when days are long,  
 I will come hither with my Paramour;70  
 And with the dancers and the minstrel's song  
 We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

'Till the foundations of the mountains fail  
 My mansion with its arbour shall endure—  
 The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,75  
 And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!'

Then home he went, and left the Hart stone-dead,  
 With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.  
 Soon did the Knight perform what he had said;  
 And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.80

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,  
 A cup of stone received the living well;  
 Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,  
 And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And, near the fountain, flowers of stature tall85  
 With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,  
 Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,  
 A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long,  
 Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour;90  
 And with the dancers and the minstrel's song  
 Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,  
And his bones lie in his paternal vale.  
But there is matter for a second rhyme,  
And I to this would add another tale.

95

*Part Second*

The moving accident is not my trade;  
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:  
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

100

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,  
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell  
Three aspens at three corners of a square;  
And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine:  
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,  
I saw three pillars standing in a line—  
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.

105

The trees were grey, with neither arms nor head;  
Half wasted the square mound of tawny green;  
So that you just might say, as then I said,  
'Here in old time the hand of man hath been.'

110

I looked upon the hill both far and near,  
More doleful place did never eye survey;  
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,  
And Nature here were willing to decay..

115

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,  
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,

Came up the hollow: him did I accost,  
And what this place might be I then enquired. 120

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told  
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.  
'A jolly place,' said he, 'in times of old!  
But something ails it now: the spot is curst.

'You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—  
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—  
These were the bower; and here a mansion stood,  
The finest palace of a hundred realms! 125

'The arbour does its own condition tell;  
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream;  
But as to the great Lodge! you might as well  
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream. 130

'There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,  
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;  
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan. 135

'Some say that here a murder has been done,  
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,  
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,  
That it was all for that unhappy Hart. 140

'What thoughts must through the creature's brain have  
past!  
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,  
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—  
O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

## Hart-Leap Well

'For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;

145

And in my simple mind we cannot tell

What cause the Hart might have to love this place,  
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

'Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,

Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide;

150

This water was perhaps the first he drank

When he had wandered from his mother's side.

'In April here beneath the flowering thorn

He heard the birds their morning carols sing;

And he perhaps, for aught we know, was born

155

Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

'Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade;

The sun on drearier hollow never shone;

So will it be, as I have often said,

Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone.'

160

'Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well;

Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:

This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell;

His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

'The Being that is in the clouds and air,

That is in the green leaves among the groves,

Maintains a deep and reverential care

For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

165

'The pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,

This is no common waste, no common gloom;

But Nature, in due course of time, once more

Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

170

'She leaves these objects to a slow decay,  
That what we are, and have been, may be known;  
But at the coming of the milder day                    175  
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

'One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals:  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.'        180

W. WORDSWORTH

*THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR*

You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
Y Hear the story of Osseo,  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!  
Once, in days no more remembered,  
Ages nearer the beginning,                            5  
When the heavens were closer to us,  
And the Gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely daughters,  
Tall and lithe as wands of willow;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,                            10  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters.

All these women married warriors,                    15  
Married brave and haughty husbands;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,

## The Son of the Evening Star

All her young and handsome suitors,  
And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with coughing,  
Always coughing like a squirrel.

20

Ah, but beautiful within him  
Was the spirit of Osseo,  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion!  
All its fire was in his bosom,  
All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendour in his language!

25

And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of wampum,  
Handsome men with paint and feathers,  
Pointed at her in derision,  
Followed her with jest and laughter.  
But she said: 'I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,  
Care not for your paint and feathers,  
Care not for your jests and laughter;  
I am happy with Osseo!'

35

40

Once to some great feast invited,  
Through the damp and dusk of evening  
Walked together the ten sisters,  
Walked together with their husbands;  
Slowly followed old Osseo,  
With fair Oweenee beside him;  
All the others chatted gaily;

45

These two only walked in silence.

50

At the western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman;

55

And they heard him murmur softly,  
*'Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa!*  
Pity, pity me, my father!'

'Listen!' said the eldest sister,

'He is praying to his father!

60

What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,  
Does not break his neck by falling!  
And they laughed till all the forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

65

On their pathway through the woodlands  
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,

Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,

Buried half in leaves and mosses,

Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.  
And Osseo, when he saw it,

70

Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,

Leaped into its yawning cavern—

At one end went in an old man,

Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly;

75

From the other came a young man,

Tall and straight and strong and handsome.

Thus Osseo was transfigured,

Thus restored to youth and beauty;

But, alas for good Osseo,

80

## The Son of the Evening Star

And for Oweenee, the faithful!  
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.  
Changed into a weak old woman,  
With a staff she tottered onward,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly!      85  
And the sisters and their husbands  
Laughed until the echoing forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

But Osseo turned not from her,  
Walked with slower step beside her,      90  
Took her hand, as brown and withered  
As an oak-leaf is in Winter,  
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,  
Soothed her with soft words of kindness,  
Till they reached the lodge of feasting,  
Till they sat down in the wigwam,      95  
Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
To the tender Star of Woman.

Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,  
At the banquet sat Osseo;      100  
All were merry, all were happy,  
All were joyous but Osseo.  
Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
Neither did he speak nor listen,  
But as one bewildered sat he,      105  
Looking dreamily and sadly,  
First at Oweenee, then upward  
At the gleaming sky above them.

Then a voice was heard, a whisper,  
Coming from the starry distance,      110  
Coming from the empty vastness,

Low, and musical, and tender;  
And the voice said: 'O Osseo!  
O my son, my best beloved!  
Broken are the spells that bound you,      115  
All the charms of the magicians,  
All the magic powers of evil;  
Come to me; ascend, Osseo!

'Taste the food that stands before you:  
It is blessed and enchanted,      120  
It has magic virtues in it,  
It will change you to a spirit.  
All your bowls and all your kettles  
Shall be wood and clay no longer;  
But the bowls be changed to wampum,      125  
And the kettles shall be silver;  
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,  
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

'And the women shall no longer  
Bear the dreary doom of labour,      130  
But be changed to birds, and glisten  
With the beauty of the starlight,  
Painted with the dusky splendours  
Of the skies and clouds of evening!'

What Osseo heard as whispers,      135  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the whippoorwill afar off,  
Of the lonely Wawonaissa      140  
Singing in the darksome forest.

Then the lodge began to tremble,

## The Son of the Evening Star

Straight began to shake and tremble,  
And they felt it rising, rising,  
Slowly through the air ascending,  
From the darkness of the tree-tops,  
Forth into the dewy starlight,  
Till it passed the topmost branches;  
And behold! the wooden dishes  
All were changed to shells of scarlet!

145

And behold! the earthen kettles  
All were changed to bowls of silver!  
And the roof-poles of the wigwam  
Were as glittering rods of silver,  
And the roof of bark upon them  
As the shining shards of beetles.

150

Then Osseo gazed around him,  
And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
All the sisters and their husbands,  
Changed to birds of various plumage.  
Some were jays and some were magpies,  
Others thrushes, others blackbirds;  
And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,  
Perked and fluttered all their feathers,  
Strutted in their shining plumage,  
And their tails like fans unfolded.

160

165

Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Was not changed, but sat in silence,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
Looking sadly at the others;  
Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
Gave another cry of anguish,  
Such a cry as he had uttered

170

By the oak-tree in the forest.

Then returned her youth and beauty,      175  
And her soiled and tattered garments  
Were transformed to robes of ermine,  
And her staff became a feather,  
Yes, a shining silver feather!

And again the wigwam trembled,      180  
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,  
Through transparent cloud and vapour,  
And amid celestial splendours  
On the Evening Star alighted,  
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,      185  
As a leaf drops on a river,  
As the thistle-down on water.

Forth with cheerful words of welcome  
Came the father of Osseo,  
He with radiant locks of silver,      190  
He with eyes serene and tender.  
And he said: 'My son, Osseo,  
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,  
Hang the cage with rods of silver,  
And the birds with glistening feathers,      195  
At the doorway of my wigwam.'

At the door he hung the bird-cage,  
And they entered in and gladly  
Listened to Osseo's father,  
Ruler of the Star of Evening,      200  
As he said: 'O my Osseo!  
I have had compassion on you,  
Given you back your youth and beauty,  
Into birds of various plumage

## The Son of the Evening Star

Changed your sisters and their husbands;      205  
Changed them thus because they mocked you  
In the figure of the old man,  
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
Could not see your heart of passion,  
Could not see your youth immortal;      210  
Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

'In the lodge that glimmers yonder,  
In the little star that twinkles  
Through the vapours, on the left hand,      215  
Lives the envious Evil Spirit,  
The Wabeno, the magician,  
Who transformed you to an old man.  
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,  
For the rays he darts around him      220  
Are the power of his enchantment,  
Are the arrows that he uses.'

Many years, in peace and quiet,  
On the peaceful Star of Evening  
Dwelt Osseo with his father;      225  
Many years, in song and flutter,  
At the doorway of the wigwam  
Hung the cage with rods of silver,  
And fair Oweenee, the faithful,  
Bore a son unto Osseo,      230  
With the beauty of his mother,  
With the courage of his father.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

*BAUCIS AND PHILEMON*

IN ancient times, as story tells,  
The saints would often leave their cells,  
And stroll about, but hide their quality,  
To try good people's hospitality.

It happened on a winter night,                       5  
As authors of the legend write,  
Two brother Hermits, Saints by trade,  
Taking their tour in masquerade,  
Disguised in tattered habits, went  
To a small village down in Kent                       10  
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,  
They begged from door to door in vain;  
Tried every tone might pity win,  
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering Saints in woeful state,               15  
Treated at this ungodly rate,  
Having through all the village passed,  
To a small cottage came at last,  
Where dwelt a good honest old yeoman,  
Called in the neighbourhood Philemon,               20  
Who kindly did these Saints invite  
In his poor hut to pass the night;  
And then the hospitable sire  
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,  
While he from out the chimney took               25  
A flitch of bacon off the hook,  
And freely from the fattest side  
Cut out large slices to be fried;  
Then stepped aside to fetch them drink,

## Baucis and Philemon

Filled a large jug up to the brink,  
And saw it fairly twice go round:  
Yet (what is wonderful) they found  
'Twas still replenished to the top,  
As if they ne'er had touched a drop.  
The good old couple was amazed,  
And often on each other gazed,  
For both were frightened to the heart,  
And just began to cry—'What art!'  
Then softly turned aside to view  
Whether the lights were burning blue.  
The gentle pilgrims soon aware on't  
Told them their calling and their errant:  
'Good folks, you need not be afraid,  
We are but Saints,' the Hermits said:  
'No hurt shall come to you or yours;  
But, for that pack of churlish boors,  
Not fit to live on Christian ground,  
They and their houses shall be drowned,  
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,  
And grow a church before your eyes.'

They scarce had spoke when fair and soft  
The roof began to mount aloft;  
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;  
The heavy wall climbed slowly after.

The chimney widened, and grew higher;      55  
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,  
And there stood fastened to a joist,  
But with the upside down, to show  
Its inclination for below:

In vain: for a superior force  
Applied at bottom stops its course,  
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell;  
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost 65

Lost, by disuse, the art to roast,

A sudden alteration feels,

Increased by new intestine wheels;

And, what exalts the wonder more,

The number made the motion slower. 70

The flier, tho't had leaden feet,

Turned round so quick, you scarce could see't;

But slackened by some secret power

Now hardly moves an inch an hour.

The jack and chimney near allied 75

Had never left each other's side;

The chimney to a steeple grown,

The jack would not be left alone,

But up against the steeple reared,

Became a clock, and still adhered,

And still its love to household cares

By a shrill voice at noon declares,

Warning the cook-maid not to burn

The roast meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl 85

Like a huge snail along the wall;

There stuck aloft, in public view,

And with small change a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row

Hung high, and made a glittering show,

To a less noble substance changed,

90

Were now but leathern buckets ranged.

The ballads pasted on the wall,  
Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,  
Fair *Rosamond*, and *Robin Hood*,  
The *Little Children in the Wood*,  
Now seemed to look abundance better,  
Improved in picture, size, and letter,  
And high in order placed describe  
The heraldry of every tribe.

95

100

A bedstead of the antique mode,  
Compact of timber many a load,  
Such as our ancestors did use,  
Was metamorphosed into pews,  
Which still their ancient nature keep  
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

105

The cottage, by such feasts as these,  
Grown to a church by just degrees,  
The Hermits then desired their host  
To ask for what he fancied most.

110

Philemon, having paused awhile,  
Returned them thanks in homely style;  
Then said, ‘My house is grown so fine,  
Methinks I still would call it mine:  
I’m old, and fain would live at ease:  
Make me the Parson, if you please.’

115

He spoke, and presently he feels  
His grazier’s coat fall down his heels;  
He sees, yet hardly can believe,  
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;  
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,  
And both assumed a sable hue,

120

But being old continued just  
 As thread-bare and as full of dust.  
 His talk was now of tithes and dues;      125  
 He smoked his pipe, and read the news;  
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,  
 Vamped in the preface and the text;  
 At christenings well could act his part,  
 And had the Service all by heart;      130  
 Wished women might have children fast,  
 And thought whose sow had farrowed last;  
 Against Dissenters would repine,  
 And stood up firm for Right Divine;  
 Found his head filled with many a system,      135  
 But classic authors—he ne'er missed them.

Thus having furbished up a Parson,  
 Dame Baucis next they played their farce on:  
 Instead of home-spun coifs were seen  
 Good pinners edged with colberteen;      140  
 Her petticoat transformed apace  
 Became black satin flounced with lace.  
 Plain 'Goody' would no longer down:  
 'Twas 'Madam', in her grogram gown.  
 Philemon was in great surprise,      145  
 And hardly could believe his eyes,  
 Amazed to see her look so prim;  
 And her admired as much as him.

Thus, happy in their change of life,  
 Were several years this man and wife;      150  
 When on a day, which proved their last,  
 Discoursing o'er old stories past,  
 They went by chance, amidst their talk,

To the churchyard to take a walk,  
When Baucis hastily cried out,                            155  
'My dear, I see your forehead sprout!'  
'Sprout!' quoth the man, 'What's this you tell us?  
I hope you don't believe me jealous:  
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;  
And really yours is budding too—                            160  
Nay—now I cannot stir my foot:  
It feels as if 'twere taking root.'

Description would but tire my muse:  
In short, they both were turned to Yews.

Old Goodman Dobson of the Green                            165  
Remembers he the trees has seen;  
He'll talk of them from noon to night,  
And goes with folks to show the sight:  
On Sundays, after Evening Prayer,  
He gathers all the parish there;                            170  
Points out the place of either Yew:  
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew;  
Till once a Parson of our town,  
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;  
At which, 'tis hard to be believed,                            175  
How much the other tree was grieved,  
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted:  
So the next Parson stubbed and burnt it.

JONATHAN SWIFT

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## NOTES

### HORATIUS

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-59) was historian, politician, essayist, and poet. Member of the Supreme Council of India, 1834-8; Secretary of State for War, 1839-41; raised to the peerage, 1857. Famous for his *Essays*, *History of England*, and *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Of these *Lays* (published in 1842) *Horatius* is the most spirited and best known. Portions of the poem are here omitted. (Acknowledgement for many of the following notes is due to the Clarendon Press edition of *The Lays*, edited by P. C. Parr.)

THE YEAR OF THE CITY ccclx (394 B.C.). The years of the City were calculated forwards from the date of the supposed founding of the City in 753 B.C.

1. *Lars Porsena*. Lars is an Etruscan word, signifying a title of honour, probably equivalent to king. Porsena (or Porsenna) is often called King of Clusium or of Etruria, but this in a loose sense meaning no more than that he was commander of the forces of the Etruscan Confederation. *Clusium*, the modern Chiusi, is a town about 100 miles north-west of Rome, and was at this time probably the most powerful of the Etruscan cities. *Sutrium*, called on account of the strength of its position one of the 'keys and gates of Etruria', was more than half-way to Rome from Clusium. The *Etruscans*, Tuscans, or Etrurians were a people whose origin remains one of the enigmas of history. They were highly civilized, and they seem to have taught the Romans much of their architecture, art, engineering, divination, and religion.

2. *Nine Gods*. The nine thunder-hurling gods of Etruria.

3. *the house of Tarquin*. The founder of the Tarquin family, Lucius Tarquinius, had migrated to Rome from the Etruscan city of Tarquinii in the time of King Ancus. There he had prospered so well that on the death of Ancus he had been chosen king in his place. It was his son, Tarquinius Superbus, the last

of the Roman kings, whom the Etruscans were trying to replace on the throne. See note to l. 309.

6. *trysting day*. Day of meeting. Connected with 'trust' from the idea of keeping faith at an appointment.

19. *tale*. Complement, full number. (Tell meant originally count.)

26. *yellow Tiber*. The river on which Rome stood, called yellow from ancient times on account of the colour of its waters. The Tiber was worshipped as a river-god by the Romans.

28. *champaign*. Any open country, Lat. *campus*. The district round Rome is still called the Campagna.

34. *rock Tarpeian*. *Rupes Tarpeia*: it formed one of the faces of the Capitol hill, probably on the south-east side looking towards the Palatine. It is named after Tarpeia, the traitress, who admitted the Sabines to the citadel on the promise of their giving her what they wore on their left arms. She meant their gold bracelets, but they rewarded her treachery by overwhelming her with their shields.

38. *Fathers of the City*. The senators, called *Patres* because the Senate was composed of the heads of the chief families.

42. *I wis*. Originally one word and meaning 'certainly'. Later, written as two words, it was often used as though it were the first person singular of a verb 'to wis'.

46. *Consul*. The name given to the two chief magistrates of Rome, elected by the people to take the place of the expelled kings. They held office for one year only, and their duties were concerned chiefly with the command of the army and the administration of justice.

48. *gowns*. The Roman 'toga' was a flowing garment usually made of white wool. It was girt up to aid rapidity of movement.

49. *hied them*. Hastened.

51. *the River-Gate*. The Porta Flumentana, probably: in the wall between the Capitol and the river. There was no gate communicating directly with the Sublician bridge, which crossed the river to a point undefended by a wall.

55. *the bridge*. The *Pons Sublicius*, or bridge on piles, was built by King Ancus. Wood only was used in its construction,

the parts being joined by wooden pins. It was maintained in this state as a sacred duty and committed to the care of the priests, the reason being that it acted in effect as a drawbridge, and could be easily taken to pieces on an emergency.

56. *Janiculum*. A hill on the right bank of the Tiber: not one of the seven hills of the city, but fortified and garrisoned as a bulwark against the Etruscans.

87. *Captain of the Gate*. Placed in charge of the bridge.

92. *the ashes of his fathers*. The Romans at this early period did not practise cremation. Macaulay, however, probably means by 'ashes' the remains of the ancestors, which they would guard from insult.

103. *Ramnian*. The earliest-known division of the patrician families of Rome was into three, called respectively the Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres. These are thought to correspond with the original Roman, Sabine, and Etruscan elements of the population. As each of the heroes belonged to a different tribe, Horatius must have been a Lucerian, and therefore of Etruscan origin.

119. *harness*. Armour, equipment.

122. *Commons*. The *plebs* or plebeians, the lower orders of Rome, who were sharply distinguished from the patricians. In early days they enjoyed very few privileges.

123. *crow*. A crow-bar, i.e. an iron bar with a beak, used for leverage.

146. *Tifernum*. An Umbrian town on the Tiber.

149. *Ilva*. The island of Elba, then, as now, rich in iron, which was shipped to Populonia on the mainland.

151. *Vassal*. Dependant.

154. *Nequinum*. Now Narni, strongly posted on a precipitous cliff above the Nar, which half encircles it. The Nar is a tributary of the Tiber, called 'albus' by Virgil on account of its pale sulphureous waters.

164. *Falerii*. Now Civitâ Castellana. It stands on a tributary of the Tiber about 40 miles to the north of Rome, and is given as one of the Twelve Cities.

166. *Urgo*. Otherwise known as Gorgon, a barren island between Italy and Corsica, of small extent and rocky formation.

168. *Volsinium*. Now identified with Orvieto, and known from classical times as the *Urbs Vetus*, or Ancient City. So strong was its position considered that it was not surrounded with walls.

171. *Cosa*. A town standing close to the sea on a rocky hill about 600 feet high, commanding a stretch of marshy ground: very remarkable for the peculiar construction of its walls, the blocks of stone used being of a many-sided shape, which distinguishes them from those used in other Etruscan towns.

173. *Albinia*. A small stream flowing into the sea to the south of the Umbro, and now, like most of the streams on this coast, much choked with sand.

178. *fell*. Fierce, deadly.

180. *Ostia*. The port of Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber.

182. *Campania*. The country lying along the coast to the south of Latium, renowned for its fertility and for the unwarlike character of its inhabitants.

*hinds*. Peasants.

195. *Luna*. The northernmost of the Etruscan towns, on the borders of Liguria. Famous in classical as in modern times for its marble, brought from the Carrara mountains.

205. *she-wolf's litter*. Romulus and Remus, the mythical founders of Rome, were supposed to have been suckled by a she-wolf, after being cast adrift on the Tiber by order of their uncle Amulius.

225. *a hand-breadth out*. In an Etruscan tomb at Veii there was discovered a helmet pierced through back and front by a weapon that must have passed through the head of its wearer.

229. *Alvernus*. Probably to be identified with the Mons Alburnus in Lucania.

233. *augurs*. Soothsayers who foretold future events by the observation of natural signs, particularly lightning and the flight of birds. They were of Etruscan origin.

241. *Lucumo*. The Etruscan title by which the priest-princes of Etruria were known.

291. *athwart*. Across. A 'thwart' is a cross-piece; compare to thwart = to cross.

309. *false Sextus*. The son of King Tarquin, to whose act in dishonouring his cousin's wife, Lucretia, the expulsion of the house of Tarquin was due.

317. *Palatinus*. The Palatine is one of the seven hills of Rome, situated near the middle, and abutting on the Forum. It was the site of the most ancient Roman settlement. Macaulay had originally placed the house of Horatius on the Caelian hill, but found it was not visible from the spot where the bridge had stood. The Caelian hill would have been more appropriate as being the Tuscan quarter, or abode of the Luceres, to which tribe Horatius belonged.

322. *To whom the Romans pray*. See note to l. 26.

337. *Tuscany*. Etruria. See note to l. 1.

344. *changing*. Exchanging.

347. *I ween*. I suppose, imagine.

361. *River-Gate*. See note to l. 51.

363. *corn-land*. Public lands hitherto undistributed. Livy says they gave him not as much as two oxen could plough in a day, but as much as he could plough *round* in a day—a much more generous quantity.

369. *And there it stands, &c.* The statue is, of course, not extant.

371. *Comitium*. An open space railed off from the north-west part of the Forum and consecrated by the Augurs to the debates of the City Fathers. In later times a general meeting-place and centre of judicial business.

382. *Volscian*. The Volscians were a people of kindred race to the Latins, inhabiting the southern districts of Latium, where their principal town was the seaport of Antium. They were constantly at war with Rome until they were finally subdued rather more than fifty years after the date assigned to this lay.

383. *Juno*. The wife of Jupiter, and the protecting goddess of women.

393. *Algidus*. A mountain of Latium, well clothed with the *ilex*, or holm-oak.

403. *goodman*. The master of the house.

*JAFFĀR*

James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), an essayist and poet, of revolutionary principles. His paper *The Examiner* (started in 1808) was the means (in 1816) of introducing Shelley and Keats to the public. He was imprisoned for casting reflections on the Prince Regent (1813). He knew nearly all the great men of letters of his time, and his *Autobiography* (1850, enlarged 1860) is thus a most interesting book.

Haroun-al-Raschid (765–809) was of the Abbassid race, and caliph of the East, his capital being at Bagdad (on the Tigris). Though sometimes cruel to his enemies, he was, on the whole, an enlightened and beneficent ruler; his court was filled with poets and men of letters and learning; and it is probable that the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* (in which he figures) were composed during his reign. He maintained friendly relations with Charlemagne.

1. *Jaffār*, or Jaaffer, was not himself vizier, i.e. prime minister, of Haroun, but the vizier's son and tutor of Haroun's second son. He had incurred Haroun's displeasure by marrying Haroun's sister, and was accordingly put to death with his wife. He belonged to the princely Persian family of Barmek (Barmecide), which is best known to Western readers through the rich Barmecide in the *Arabian Nights* ('The Barber's Sixth Brother') who provided a splendid feast for hungry Shacabac, in which food and drink were purely imaginary quantities.

8. *Araby*. The old form of 'Arabia', now restricted to poetry.

17. *caliph* (spelt also 'calif'). A successor of Mohammed; a Mohammedan chief, civil and religious ruler. The Eastern Caliphate was founded by Abou-Bekr at Mecca, and transferred to Bagdad by the Abbassids. It lasted altogether from 632 to 1258.

18. *mutes*. Oriental servants (especially in the harem) whose tongues have been removed that they may reveal no secrets.

32. *the Tartar*. The Tartars (more correctly 'Tatars') were a Mongolian tribe, which, in the thirteenth century under Jenghiz Khan, founded the Mongolian Empire. The word 'Tartar' has been extended to tribes of Turkish race inhabiting

European Russia and Siberia, which have little, if any, Tartar blood in their veins. If Haroun ever possessed a 'Tartar diadem', he must have gained it by his conquest over the Turko-mans; though it is highly improbable that that nomad people ever possessed such an emblem of sovereignty.

### KALLUNDBORG CHURCH

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-92) is one of the best-known American poets. He was a Quaker, and a vigorous supporter of the anti-slavery movement.

This poem is one of a series of tales published in 1867 which purport to be told by a traveller (in *The Tent on the Beach*); it is described as 'a wild tale of the North':

They tell it in the valleys green  
Of the fair island he has seen,  
Low lying off the pleasant Swedish shore,  
Washed by the Baltic Sea, and watched by Elsinore.

Prefixed to the poem is a fragment of a *Zealand Rhyme*, which evidently suggested the subject to Whittier:

Tie stille, barn min!  
Imorgen kommer Fin,  
Fa'er din,

Og gi'er dig Esbern Snares öine og hjerte at lege med!

'Lie still, my babe! To-morrow morning thy father Fin will come and give thee Esbern Snares eyes and heart to play with.'

1. *Kallundborg*. A Danish port on the west coast of Sjaelland (Zealand). The church in the town dates from 1170; it is built in the form of a Greek cross with five towers.

4. *Nesvek*. Presumably Nestved, a town in the south of Sjaelland.

8. *Troll*. A giant; or, later, a friendly but mischievous dwarf, often represented as one-eyed, in the Scandinavian mythology.

10. *the mighty sea*. The Great Belt, on which Kallundborg stands.

27. *Elle-maids*. A half-adoption, half-translation of the Danish *elle-pige*, elf-maidens, or fairies.

28. *Neck*. The Swedish form of the Danish *nök*, and the English *nicker*, a water-demon. Cf. the words *nix* and *nixie*, male and female water-spirits respectively.

*Nis*. The Danish *nisse*, an elf, hobgoblin.

72. *I know his name*. There was a widespread superstition that the knowledge of a person's real name, which was not that by which he was commonly called, gave one power over the person. Thus the name of God was never uttered aloud by the Jews, and the real name of Rome was said to be jealously guarded by the College of Pontiffs. See Cornelius Agrippa's *Occult Philosophy*, I. lxx.

81. *rune*. 'Song.' The word is also used of the letters of the early Teutonic alphabet.

#### GOD'S JUDGEMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP

Robert Southey (1774-1843), poet, historian, and general man of letters; one of the so-called 'Lake' School of poets. *Thalaba* (1801) and *The Curse of Kehama* (1810) are his chief long poems, though many of his shorter verses are better known. But of all his writings perhaps his *Life of Nelson* (1813) is the most read. In 1813 he accepted the poet-laureateship, which Scott had refused in Southey's favour.

Hatto, the second Archbishop of Mainz of that name, was sent to Rome as ambassador from the Emperor Otho I at Pavia (961). Shortly afterwards he became archbishop. 'Of his after-life and of his personal character the most opposite accounts have been given. By some he is represented as a zealous reformer, and an upright and successful administrator; by others as a selfish and hard-hearted oppressor of the poor' (Chambers, *Encyc.*). The legend perpetuated by Southey in this ballad is probably due to a misunderstanding of the name of a tower on the Rhine, Maüsethurm (near Bingen), where the event is supposed to have happened. *Maüsethurm* ('Mouse-tower') is doubtless a corruption of *Mauththurm* ('Toll-tower'). Hatto died in 969 or 970. See Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*; or, for a popular account, Charles Morris, *Historical Tales, German*.

### THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

For Whittier see note to 'Kallundborg Church'.

Tritemius is Johannes Trithemius (1462-1516), Abbot of Sponheim, and later Abbot of the monastery of St. Jakob at Würzburg, in Bavaria. (His name was originally von Heidenberg, but he changed it to Trithemius because he was born at Trittenheim.) As *Würz* means 'grass', and *burg*, 'city', Herbipolis is a hybrid latinization of Würzburg. Cornelius Agrippa prefixed to his *Occult Philosophy* a letter addressed to Johannes Trithemius, an Abbot of Saint James in the suburbs of Herbipolis; and Trithemius replied expressing his thanks and appreciation in a letter dated April 8, 1510.

16. *the Moor's galley*. The Moors were an Arab race originating in the north of Africa, who embraced first Christianity and then Mohammedanism. They conquered Spain and held it from 711 to 1492. After losing Spain they continually harassed that country with piracy.

25. *soldo*. The Italian halfpenny.

29. *on His errands sped*, i.e. if they are sent to do his service.

33. *Who loveth mercy*, &c. See Hosea vi. 6, 'For I desired mercy and not sacrifice.'

### THE WHITE SHIP

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-82), the son of an Italian who settled in England, was famous both as painter and poet. He founded the pre-Raphaelite school of painting about 1849. His best-known pictures are perhaps 'Beata Beatrix' and 'Dante's Dream'; among his poems, 'The Blessed Damozel' and the Sonnet-Sequence 'The House of Life' are particularly beautiful, whilst 'The White Ship' is the most popular.

Henry I had taken his only son William over to Normandy to be recognized as his successor to the Dukedom. During the return voyage to England the ship in which William was sailing struck on a rock at the mouth of the harbour and sank. The story that follows is supposed to be told by the only survivor, a butcher of Rouen, who clung to the mast and was rescued next morning by some fishermen.

Less than half Rossetti's ballad is here given.

20. *hind*. Peasant. Cf. p. 15, l. 182.

89. *maugre*. Despite (Fr. *malgré*).

### BETH GÊLERT

William Robert Spencer (1769–1834) was a poet and wit, the friend of Sheridan, Fox, Sydney Smith, &c. His poems were admired by Scott, who quotes from them more than once. He spent the last nine years of his life in Paris.

Beddgelert (pronounced 'Beth-gellert'), a village at the foot of Snowdon, has been made famous by the legend told in this poem. This legend, for it is no more, was doubtless invented to account for the name, which means the Grave of Gêlert; it is possible that Gêlert was in reality a sixth-century British saint. (For a full account see Borrow's *Wild Wales*, ch. 46.)

Llewelyn (more correctly Llywelyn) ab Iorwerth, called 'the Great', was the greatest native prince of Wales (d. 1240). He was brought up in exile; then fought with the English, and conquered South Wales; finally, however, he submitted to Henry III. He married Joan, an illegitimate daughter of King John.

For an investigation of the truth of the legend see Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*.

3. *brach*. Bitch hound.

22. *chidings*. Baying (of the hounds).

30. *portal-seat*. Seat by the door. According to Borrow's version, the child was left in a tent.

44. *blood-gouts*. Drops or splashes of blood.

48. *besprent*. Sprinkled; from the obsolete verb to bespreng.

69. *scath*. A misprint for *scathe*, harm.

77. *Vain, vain, &c.* In Borrow's version 'the poor animal was not quite dead, but presently expired, in the act of licking his master's hand'.

81. *a gallant tomb*. 'The tomb, or what is said to be the tomb, of Gêlert, stands in a beautiful meadow just below the precipitous side of Cerrig Llan: it consists of a large slab lying on its side, and two upright stones. It is shaded by a weeping willow, and

is surrounded by a hexagonal paling. Who is there acquainted with the legend, whether he believes that the dog lies beneath those stones or not, can visit them without exclaiming with a sigh, "Poor Gelert!"' (Borrow, l. c.).

### THE INCHCAPE ROCK

For Robert Southey see note to 'God's Judgement on a Wicked Bishop'. 'The Bell Rock, or Inchcape, [is] a reef of old red sandstone rocks in the German Ocean, twelve miles south-east of Arbroath, and nearly opposite the mouth of the Tay. The reef is 2,000 feet long; at high water of spring-tides it is covered to a depth of 16 feet, at low water is partly uncovered to a height of 4 feet; and for 100 yards around, the sea is only 3 fathoms deep. It was formerly a fruitful cause of shipwreck, and, according to tradition, the abbot of Aberbrothock (Arbroath) placed a bell on it, "fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger" (Chambers, *Encyc.*). A lighthouse was erected on the Bell Rock by Robert Stevenson, grandfather of Robert Louis, in 1807-10.

9. *Aberbrothok*. Spelt also Aberbrothwick, as well as Arbroath (the modern form). St. Thomas's Abbey, Arbroath, was founded by William the Lion in 1178. It was second in wealth only to Holyrood of Scottish abbeys, till it was destroyed by the Reformers in 1560.

23. *Sir Ralph the Rover* is apparently unknown to history.

29. *float*. Buoy.

### KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-82), the most popular of American poets. His life was uneventful; he visited Europe several times, and he was Professor of Literature at Harvard from 1835. He was a man of very wide reading.

This poem, like *Paul Revere's Ride*, is one of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, a series written from time to time, and published together in 1863. The tale is told by a Sicilian, the original of whom was Luigi Monti, an Italian teacher at Harvard.

It is taken from an old English metrical romance, 'Kinge Roberd of Cysille', printed by Hazlitt in his *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England* (1864). The writer of the romance drew his plot from *Gesta Romanorum*, a fourteenth-century collection of stories in Latin, where the tale is told of the Emperor Jovinian. The names of the characters in Longfellow's poem, which are all taken from the English romance, are purely fictitious.

With this story may be compared William Morris's 'The Proud King' (in *The Earthly Paradise*).

2. *Allemaine*. Germany.

5. *St. John's eve*. The vigil, or evening before, the festival of St. John the Baptist, which is held on Midsummer Day (June 24), is a season for many curious and superstitious customs. See Chambers, *Book of Days*, i. 814 sqq.

9. *Deposuit potentes, &c.* Verse 7 of the *Magnificat*. The service of the Roman Church is in Latin.

52. *besprent*. Bespattered. See note to p. 40, l. 48.

56. *seneschal*. Chief steward.

82. *the King's Jester* was a regular appendage of courts. His dress, usually motley, was surmounted by a cap with bells, and his cape was *scalloped* (i.e. it was indented like the edge of a scallop-shell). See a picture (and a very interesting account) in Chambers, l. c., i. 179 sqq.

85. *henchmen*. Grooms, serving-men.

105. *the old Saturnian reign*. According to the Greeks, when Saturn (or Cronos) reigned in heaven, all was well with the world. But when Jupiter expelled his father Saturn, this 'Golden Age' came to an end.

109. *the mountain*. Etna, under which *Enceladus*, a hundred-armed giant, was supposed to be buried by Jupiter. See Virgil, *Aen.* iii. 578 sqq.

132. *Holy Thursday*. Properly Ascension Day; but used popularly, as here, for the Thursday in Holy Week.

150. *Saint Peter's square*. The great Piazza San Pietro, in front of St. Peter's at Rome. It is not, properly speaking, a square.

186. *Salerno*. A port about thirty miles south-east of Naples.

187. *Palermo*. The capital of Sicily.
189. *the Angelus*. For ‘Angelus bell’, which is sounded at morning, noon, and sunset in the Roman Catholic Church as a reminder to all within hearing to utter a short devotional exercise, beginning ‘Angelus Domini’.
200. *shiven*. Absolved.

### THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

The Rev. Richard Harris Barham (1788–1845), or, to give his *nom de plume*, Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq., was the author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*. He first held a living in Kent, and then a minor canonry at St. Paul’s, where he was subsequently Divinity Lecturer. (There is an interesting memoir prefixed to the Oxford Press edition of *Ingoldsby*.) *The Ingoldsby Legends*, which appeared originally in magazines, were published collectively in 1840; second and third series in 1847.

*The Jackdaw of Rheims* Barham called ‘a doggerel version of an old Catholic legend that I picked up out of a High Dutch author. I am afraid’ (he adds) ‘the poor “Jackdaw” will be sadly pecked at’. He found many such monkish chronicles in the library of Sion College (of which he became president in 1840). See the *Memoir* (p. xxxvii) for an amusing story of a magpie, which Barham ‘meant to have engrafted on’ this story if he had had time. Prefixed to the *Jackdaw* is a quotation (in dog-Latin) from the volume *De Illustr. Ord. Cisterc.*, which gives the source of the story.

13. *motley*. Of varied character, mixed.
17. *comfits*. Sweetmeats, sugar-plums. *cates*. Choice food.
19. *Cowl*. A monk’s hood. *cope*. A long cloak worn by ecclesiastics in processions. *rochet*. A surplice-like vestment used chiefly by bishops and abbots. *pall*. A woollen vestment worn by the Pope and a few high dignitaries of the Church.
20. *crosier*. The pastoral staff of a bishop or abbot.
33. *flawns*. Flawn is a kind of custard, or cheese-cake.
35. *stoles*. A stole is a strip of silk worn over the shoulders and reaching to the knees. One would have expected ‘surplices’, which word was perhaps ousted by the exigencies of rhyme.

38. *refectory*. The room used for meals in monasteries, &c.
86. *He cursed him*, &c. For an even more circumstantial curse see *Tristram Shandy*, iii. ch. xi.
102. *Sacristan*. Or sacrist, the official in charge of the sacred vessels, &c., of a religious house or church. It is a doublet of 'sexton'.
131. *plenary*. Entire, absolute, unqualified.
159. *Conclave*. The assembly of Cardinals for the election of a Pope, or, as here, the creation of a saint.
162. *Jim Crow*. The name of a popular negro air from a play produced at the Adelphi Theatre in 1836.

### THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Robert Browning (1812-89) ranks with Tennyson as the most famous English poet of the nineteenth century. Much of his life was spent in Italy. He married in 1846 Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess. Browning's poetry is often difficult on first reading, but it amply repays the labour of close study.

This poem (which appeared in *Dramatic Lyrics*, 1842) was written to amuse Willie Macready, son of the great actor. According to Dr. Berdoe's *Browning Cyclopaedia*, the poem is apparently based on a passage in Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities* (1605), but there is no reason why Browning should not have got the story from Hameln itself, for in that town, which, by the way, is in Hanover and not in Brunswick, an inscription on the Rattenfängerhaus records the legend, giving the date as June 26, 1284. According to Baring-Gould, who has treated of the tale in his *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, Grimm has collected a quantity of evidence for the historical nature of the incident. Baedeker suggests that it is based on a distorted recollection of the Children's Crusade of 1211. According to Verstegan's account the children disappeared on July 22, 1376.

To all students of Browning's poetry an indispensable aid is Dr. Berdoe's *Browning Cyclopaedia*, published by Messrs. George Allen & Co., which, with the kind consent of the publishers, has

been made use of for some of the notes to the three poems by Browning contained in this selection.

37. *guilder*. A silver coin, worth 1s. 8d.

51. *glutinous*. Sticky.

64. *kith and kin*. Country and relations.

79. *Pied*. Particoloured (cf. magpie, piebald), so called 'for the fantastical cote which hee wore being wrought with sundry colours' (*A Restitution*, &c.).

89. *Tartary*. See note to p. 25, l. 32.

*Cham*. An obsolete form of Khan, meaning autocrat.

91. *Nizam*. The title of the ruler of Hyderabad in India.

123. *Stout as Julius Caesar*. During a revolt at Alexandria in 48 B.C. Caesar's ship was captured, and he had to swim for his life. There is a ridiculous legend (recorded by Plutarch, *Caesar*, ch. 49) that he swam with one hand, and with the other held his *Commentaries* (*de Bello Gallico*, &c.) above the water. 'As if', says Froude, 'a general would take his MSS. with him into a hot action!' (*Caesar*, ch. 23).

131. *tub-boards*. The lids of pickle-tubs, in which salt meat is preserved.

132. *conserve*. Jam.

133. *train-oil*. The oil made from whale-blubber; the word has no connexion with railway, or other, trains.

136. Browning in later editions printed the line, 'Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery'. *Psaltery*. An ancient and medieval stringed instrument.

138. *drysaltery*. A shop where oils, pickles, tinned meats, &c., are sold.

139. *nuncheon*. Literally noon-drink. The ending of the word was confused with that of luncheon, with which it became identical in meaning.

141. *puncheon*. A large cask, holding from 72 to 120 gallons.

142. *staved*. Staved in; i.e. with a hole made in the cask.

158. *Claret*. A red French wine from Bordeaux.

*Moselle*. A dry white wine produced near the river Moselle (a tributary of the Rhine).

*Vin-de-Grave.* A white wine from Bordeaux; also known as Sauterne.

*Hock.* A German white wine, properly that of Hochheim (on the Rhine).

160. *Rhenish.* A generic name for Rhine wine (e.g. Hock).

177. *Bagdad.* See next note.

179. *Caliph.* See note to p. 25, l. 17.

182. *bate a stiver.* Abate my price by, or let you off the smallest amount. (*Stiver*, from Dutch *stuiver*, a small obsolete coin.)

187. *ribald.* An irreverent jester (now usually an adjective). The word formerly meant (and perhaps here means) a low-born retainer, menial.

198. *pitching and hustling.* An old game, which Strutt (*Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*) describes. Each of the players throws a halfpenny at a mark; the one who gets nearest then gathers all the coins in a hat and after hustling (i.e. shaking) them together throws them on the ground and claims all those which fall head up; the rest are then replaced in the hat and hustled by the player whose coin originally came next nearest to the mark. He in turn appropriates all the heads, and the turn passes to the third best, and so on.

258. *A text, &c.* Matt. xix. 24, Mark x. 25, Luke xviii. 25.

279. *tabor.* A small drum, especially one used to accompany the pipe.

290. *Transylvania.* A large division of Hungary. According to Verstegan, the Emperor Charlemagne transported many thousands of the Saxons with their wives and families into Transylvania, 'where their posterite yet remayneth'.

296. *trepanned.* Trapped, beguiled.

### *CRECY*

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-97), poet and critic. Assistant private secretary to Gladstone, 1846; subsequently assistant secretary of the Education Department; Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1885-95. Though he was a poet himself, he is best known for his anthology, *The Golden Treasury of Songs and*

*Lyrics*; in the compilation of this he was greatly helped by Tennyson, who was his intimate friend.

[For some of the notes to this and other historical poems in the collection, acknowledgements are due to *Lyra Historica*, Poems of British History 61-1910, selected by M. E. Windsor and J. Turrall (Clarendon Press).]

The refrain of the poem is founded on Froissart, who says that, when asked to send reinforcements to his son the Black Prince (1370-6), King Edward III replied: 'Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?' 'Nothing of the sort, thank God,' rejoined the knight, 'but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help.' 'Now, Sir Thomas,' answered the King, 'return to those that sent you, and tell them from me not to send again for me this day, nor expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have entrusted him.' The knight returned to his lords and related the King's answer, which mightily encouraged them, and made them repent they had ever sent such a message.

The battle of Crécy was fought on August 26, 1346. After invading Normandy, Edward was marching through Ponthieu towards Flanders; but he found that the bridges over the Seine and the Somme had been broken down. However, he discovered a ford at Blanche Tache, and halting near the village of Crécy gave battle to the French king, Philip VI. In the French army there were 15,000 Genoese crossbowmen. These had allowed their bows to be wetted by a shower of rain, which made them quite useless. The English archers had covers for their longbows, so that with their arrows they at once repulsed the Genoese. The French knights were thereupon ordered to kill the crossbowmen. Finally the French were defeated with tremendous slaughter. 'It was a victory' (says Gardiner) 'of foot-soldiers over horse-soldiers—of a nation in which all ranks joined heartily together over one in which all ranks except that of the gentry were despised.'

8. *incarnadined*. Properly ‘made flesh-colour’, but since Shakespeare (*Macbeth*, II. ii. 62) always used for ‘tinged with blood’.

15. *Erin and Gwalia*. The Irish and Welsh contingent, armed with large knives, fell upon earls, barons, knights, and squires who were hampered by the flight of the Genoese bowmen, and slew many.

17. *oriflamme*. Gold-flame, the banner of St. Denis, borne by the French.

18. *dragons of Merlin*. The Welsh flag. Merlin was the wizard at the court of King Arthur.

29. *Senlac-on-Sea*. The battle between William and Harold, sometimes called the Battle of Hastings (1066), was fought at Senlac Hill, six miles from the sea, where the town of Battle now stands.

43. *Liguria*. The district of Italy whence came the Genoese bowmen.

45. *Bohemia’s King*. On the morning after the battle the blind King of Bohemia was found dead in the field with his companions. He had persuaded them to lead him into the fight, with bridles tied together, that he might strike one blow for France and chivalry.

47. *Blood-lake*. Palgrave follows those who take Senlac to be a corruption of Sang-lac. This Freeman regards as ‘simply a French pun on the name’, the etymology of which he declines to pronounce on.

#### *A BALLAD OF ORLEANS*

Agnes Mary Frances Robinson (Mme Duclaux, b. 1857), a poetess, novelist, essayist, who lives in Paris, and who writes in French as well as English.

A reference to the map will show that Orleans is the key to the country south of the Loire, and its importance was fully recognized by the English, who tried for six months to take it. They were frustrated by Joan of Arc, who triumphantly led the French into the town, and in eight days forced the English to raise the siege and retire (May 12, 1429). The failure to take

Orleans was the beginning of the end of English rule over France.

6. *gar*. Make. There seems no special reason for the introduction of a Scotch word into an otherwise English poem.

13. *Talbot*. John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury (1388?-1453), Constable of France (1422), was present at the siege of Orleans.

*Suffolk*. William de la Pole, fourth Earl and first Duke of Suffolk (1396-1450), succeeded in 1428 to the command of the English forces in France. He was forced to surrender at Jargeau soon after the relief of Orleans. There appears to have been no other *Pole* at Orleans.

### LOCHINVAR

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) is famous throughout the world for his poems and novels. 'Lochinvar' is a song sung by the Lady Heron in James IV's Court at Holyrood; *Marmion*, Canto V (1808). The metre is suggestive of a gallop; cf. 'How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix'.

2. *Border*. The places named in the poem lie on the Border. The *Eske* runs through Dumfries into the *Solway* Firth (where the difference between high and low tide is very great). *Netherby* is in Cumberland, near Carlisle. *Cannobie* (or Canonbie) *Lea* is a plain in Dumfriesshire, just over the Scottish border.

7. *brake*. Thicket, brushwood.

14. *bride's-men*. A brideman was the bridegroom's attendant, or best man as we say now; so the bridesmaids attended on the bride. Bride was formerly used of either sex.

32. *galliard*. A lively dance, of Spanish origin.

39. *croupe*. The hind-quarters of the horse.

41. *scaur*. Cliff, rock.

43. *Græmes*, or Grahams, an important Border family. The *Forsters*, &c., were English families.

### THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

For Leigh Hunt see note to 'Jaffar', p. 198.

The story is dealt with in Browning's 'The Glove' (and also

by Schiller and St. Foix). The incident is said to have occurred in the time of Francis I (reigned 1515-47).

Two views are possible of the lady's motive and of de Lorge's gallantry: Browning's is the opposite of Leigh Hunt's.

7. *Ramped*. Stood on their hind legs with their paws in the air.

### DAVID GWYNN'S STORY

Theodore Watts-Dunton (1832-1914). Poet, essayist, novelist; many of his writings appeared anonymously in *The Athenaeum*, &c. His best-known work is *Aylwin*. He knew much of the gipsies, and was an intimate friend of Borrow; also of Rossetti and Swinburne.

The poem here given forms a part of *Christmas at the Mermaid*, to which Watts-Dunton prefixed the following note: 'With the exception of Shakespeare, who has quitted London for good, in order to reside at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon, which he has lately rebuilt, all the members of the Mermaid Club are assembled at the Mermaid Tavern. At the head of the table sits Ben Jonson dealing out the wassail from a large bowl. At the other end sits Raleigh, and at Raleigh's right hand the guest he has brought with him, a stranger, David Gwynn, the Welsh seaman, now an elderly man, whose story of his exploits as a galley-slave in crippling the Armada before it reached the Channel had, years before, whether true or false, given him in the Low Countries a great reputation, the echo of which had reached England. Raleigh's desire was to excite the public enthusiasm for continuing the struggle with Spain on the sea, and generally to revive the fine Elizabethan temper, which had already become almost a thing of the past, save, perhaps, among such choice spirits as those associated with the Mermaid Club.'

David Gwynn was an historical personage—a poet, who 'suffered a long and cruel imprisonment in Spain. Upon regaining his liberty, he published a poetical narrative of his sufferings, entitled "Certaine English Verses penned by David Gwynn, who for the space of eleven Yeares and ten Moneths

was in most grieuous Servitude in the Gallies, under the King of Spain" (Dict. Nat. Biog.).

The following paragraph from Hakluyt (account of the defeat of the Armada by Emanuel van Meteran) sufficiently explains the situation, and perhaps forms the source from which Watts-Dunton drew the idea of the poem: 'In the meane while the Spanish Armada set saile out of the haven of Lisbon upon the 19. of May, An. Dom. 1588. under the conduct of the duke of Medina Sidonia, directing their course for the Baie of Corunna, aliâs the Groine in Gallicia, where they tooke in souldiers and warlike provision, this port being in Spaine the neerest unto England. As they were sailing along, there arose such a mightie tempest, that the whole Fleete was dispersed, so that when the duke was returned unto his company, he could not escry above 80. ships in all, whereunto the residue by litle and litle joyned themselves, except eight which had their mastes blowen overboord. One of the foure gallies of Portingal escaped very hardly, retiring her selfe into the haven. The other three were upon the coast of Baion in France, by the assistance and courage of one David Gwin an English captive (whom the French and Turkish slaves aided in the same enterprise) utterly disabled and vanquished: one of the three being first overcome, which conquered the two other, with the slaughter of their governours and souldiers, and among the rest of Don Diego de Mandrana with sundry others: and so those slaves arriving in France with the three Gallies, set themselves at libertie.'

31. *Drake*. Sir Francis Drake (1540?-96), one of the greatest of all English sailors, circumnavigated the globe (1577-80), and after defeating the Armada off Gravelines pursued it to the north of Scotland. He had already made many expeditions to Spain (cf. 1. 91).

*Gloriana*. Spenser's name for Queen Elizabeth in the *Faerie Queene*.

46. *Finisterre*. The cape on the north-west of Spain.

56. *El Dorado*. The ship is named after the fictitious land of gold in quest of which the Spaniards sailed to the West. (Lit. 'the gilded').

71. *auto.* i.e. *auto-da-fé* (lit. ‘act of faith’)—the burning of heretics in accordance with the sentence of the Inquisition.

73. The Golden Skeleton is Watts-Dunton’s addition. This takes the form of one of the Incas (Peruvian princes) who had been massacred by the Spaniards (see Prescott’s *Peru*, Book III); sitting on the Admiral’s prow it leads the Armada to destruction.

86. *levin.* Lightning.

88. *that great Scarlet One, &c.* The Protestants identified the ‘woman arrayed in purple and scarlet’ (Revelation xvii) with the Church of Rome. She sat on a beast with seven heads, which are interpreted (in verse 9) as ‘seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth’.

98. *cozened.* Cheated.

103. *glaives.* Swords.

109. *Ferrol Bay* lies to the north of Coruña, at the north-west corner of Spain.

118. *queen-galleys.* The word, which is apparently peculiar to Watts-Dunton, clearly means galleys of the largest size, generally called Galleys Royal.

147. *Tophet.* Hell. Tophet was another name for Gehinnom, a valley to the south-west of Jerusalem, where refuse was continually burnt; hence, perhaps, arose the idea of the everlasting fires of Gehenna (which name is corrupted from Gehinnom).

170. *strappado.* A torture that consisted of securing the victim’s hands (or other part) in ropes, raising him, and letting him fall till he was brought up by the taut rope. It is mentioned by Falstaff, *i Henry IV*, ii. iv. 266.

183. *the offing.* The distant part of the sea visible from the shore, beyond anchoring ground.

202. *luff.* To bring a ship’s head nearer the wind.

205. *Caracks.* Large ships of burden, which were sometimes also fitted up for warfare.

*caravels.* Small light fast ships, chiefly Spanish and Portuguese, of the fifteenth to seventeenth centuries.

212. *galleasse.* A great ship rowed with 300 oars.

213. *dizened*. More commonly 'bedizened'—dressed out gaudily.

215. *trucks*. The wooden disk at the top of a mast with holes for the halyards.

*HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM  
GHENT TO AIX*

For Robert Browning see note on p. 206.

This poem, which now stands among the *Dramatic Lyrics*, appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845. There is apparently no actual historical basis for the incidents of the poem, though, no doubt, as Dr. Berdoe remarks, in the war in the Netherlands such an adventure was likely enough (*Browning Cyclopaedia*).

The distance from Ghent to Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) is about 100 miles as the crow flies; the route described in the poem is, however, considerably longer, for though Mechlin, Aerschot, and Hasselt are on the road, no one in a hurry would have ridden from Ghent to Mechlin by Lokeren, Boom, and Duffel; or from Hasselt to Aix by Looz, Tongres, and Dalhem.

10. *pique*. Here wrongly used for 'peak'.

17. *the half-chime*. Presumably the clock striking half-past, but as we are not told the hour, there is no hope of timing the ride.

44. *croup*. Hindquarters. Cf. p. 74, l. 39.

*Neck and croup* is perhaps meant as a variation of 'neck and crop', i.e. completely, bodily.

49. *buff coat* (or *buff jerkin*). A stout coat, of buffalo or ox-hide, formerly worn by soldiers as proof against a sword-cut.

*holster*. A leather case for a pistol, fixed to the saddle or worn on the belt.

*KILLIECRANKIE*

William Edmonstone Aytoun (1816-65), Professor of Logic and Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, is best known for his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* and the *Bon Gaultier Ballads* (in which latter he collaborated with Sir Theodore Martin).

The battle of Killiecrankie (July 27, 1689) was fought in the wooded valley of the River Garry, to the south of Blair Atholl in the north of Perthshire. John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee (b. 1649?), in command of 2,000 Highlanders, had raised the standard for King James against William and Mary. General Hugh Mackay was sent against him, and with an army almost twice as large as Dundee's forced a battle with him at Killiecrankie. 'Two minutes decided the contest; before the wild rush of the clansmen the redcoats wavered, broke, and ran like sheep. Their loss was 2,000, the victors' 900 only; but one of the 900 was Ian Dhu nan Cath (or "Black John of the Battles"), as the Highlanders called Dundee. A musket-ball struck him as he was waving on his men, and he sank from his saddle into the arms of a soldier named Johnstone. . . . "Bloody Claverse", "Bonnie Dundee"—the two names illustrate the opposite feelings borne towards one whom the malice of foes and the favour of friends have invested with a fictitious interest' (Chambers, *Encyc.*). The two extreme views are found, e.g., in Macaulay and Aytoun respectively.

19. *Cameronian rebels*. An extreme sect of Covenanters, who took their name from a certain Richard Cameron; by his Sanquhar Declaration he declared himself and his followers rebels. The name of Cameronians is still applied to the Reformed Presbyterians of Scotland.

24. *Montrose*. James Graham, 'The Great Marquis' of Montrose (1612-50), one of the original Covenanters, who later gained six victories for the king against the Covenant, but was at last betrayed, carried to Edinburgh and hanged with ignominy. Aytoun has a ballad on his execution.

28. *Schehallion*, or Schiehallion. A high mountain in Perthshire, west of Killiecrankie.

30. *Græmes*. Another spelling of Grahams.

33. *the Royal Martyr*. Charles I.

35. *him whom butchers murdered*. James Sharp (1613-79), Archbishop of St. Andrews, was murdered on Magus Muir by the Covenanters, owing to his episcopalian sympathies. See Scott's *Old Mortality*.

44. *false Argyle*. Archibald Campbell (d. 1703), Earl, and afterwards first Duke of Argyll (as the name is more correctly spelt), was one of the Scottish commissioners who offered the crown to William and Mary (1689). He had before joined William of Orange in Holland, and was rewarded for his services by a dukedom.

47. *Convention*. The Convention of Estates, the name given to the Scottish Parliament from March 1689 till the acceptance of the crown by William III. It declared that 'King James VII' (i.e. James II of England) being a Papist, the throne of Scotland was vacant.

61. *Breadalbane*. One of the ancient divisions of Perthshire (West).

70. *the Pass below*. The battle was fought to the north of, and so above, the Pass of Killiecrankie proper.

79. *Leslie's foot*. Presumably infantry trained by David Leslie (d. 1682), a Royalist general in the English Civil War. *Leven*. David Melville, third Earl of Leven, a confidential agent to William of Orange, distinguished himself at Killiecrankie in command of the regiment which is still called 'The King's Own Scottish Borderers'.

80. *tuck*. Beat.

91. *slogan*. Highland war-cry.

*Macdonald*. One of the great Highland clans. The chief of the clan at this date was Alexander or MacIan of Glencoe, who was subsequently destroyed with his clan in the notorious Massacre of Glencoe (1692). Another member of the clan was present at Killiecrankie—John Macdonald (Ian Lom), a warrior and poet who celebrated the victory in his poem *Rinrory*.

92. *Lochiel*. Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, 'a gracious master, a trusty ally, a terrible enemy', commanded the Camerons at this battle, a valuable account of which he gave in his *Memoirs*. 'It was long remembered in Lochaber that Lochiel took off what probably was the only pair of shoes in his clan, and charged barefoot at the head of his men' (Macaulay, *History*, ch. xiii). In 1692 Lochiel, like the other Highland chiefs, was compelled to take the oath of allegiance to William.

*HERVÉ RIEL*

For Robert Browning see note on p. 206.

For this poem (published in the *Cornhill Magazine* of March, 1871) Browning received £100, which he gave to the Paris Relief Fund, to help the starving people after the Siege. The story told in the poem is strictly historical. 'The facts of the story', says Dr. Furnivall, 'had been forgotten, and were denied at St. Malo, but the reports of the French Admiralty were looked up and the facts established.' Early in 1692 James had assembled a large army for the invasion of England at La Hogue, now La Hougue, at the north-east of the department of La Manche in Normandy. To enable it to cross the channel Admiral Tourville with forty-four ships attacked an English and Dutch fleet of twice the number under the firm but erroneous conviction that nearly all the English sailors were Jacobites at heart and would refuse to fight against the French. The engagement took place on May 19, and lasted from 11 till 4, when Tourville began to draw off; his largest ships took refuge in Cherbourg and the Bay of Hogue, but about twenty of the smallest dared the dangerous passage round the Cap de la Hague and reached St. Malo, the port of Brittany at the mouth of the river Rance. Their further fortunes are told in the ballad. Of the larger ships Admiral Russell succeeded in burning or sinking sixteen before the action came to an end on May 24.

44. *Croisic*. Native of Le Croisic, a port in the south of Brittany, just north of the Loire. So *Malouin* (l. 46), a native of St. Malo.

49. *Grève*. The beach to the east of St. Malo, extending for two miles to Paramé, is called La Grande Grève ('The big beach').

*disembogues*. Flows into the sea.

61. *Solidor*. The Tour de Solidor, a fourteenth-century fortress, is situated at St. Servan, which adjoins St. Malo on the south; it lies about a mile and a half up the Rance from La Grande Grève.

92. *rampired*. Rampire is an archaic form of rampart.

120. *what is it but a run?* It is over ninety miles as the crow flies, and four times as far if one sails round the coast.

129. *head.* Figure-head.

132. *bore the bell.* Led the way; possibly derived from the custom of belling one of a flock.

136. *the Louvre.* The great national museum and picture gallery at Paris; originally a royal palace.

### WINSTANLEY

Jean Ingelow (1820-97) was a poetess who spent much of her life in London. Besides poems she wrote novels and stories for children.

Henry Winstanley (1644-1703), an engineer and engraver, was clerk of works to Charles II at Audley End and Newmarket. He invented a place of entertainment in Piccadilly, called the Water Theatre. In 1696 he designed for the authorities of Trinity House a lighthouse for the Eddystone Rock (off Plymouth). In 1697, whilst working there, he was carried off by a French privateer, and the work was destroyed; he was, however, exchanged shortly after. His lighthouse appears to have been completed in 1700; it was 'a fantastic erection, largely composed of wood, the stonework of the base being bound with copper or iron.... The entire structure was swept away on the night of Nov. 26, 1703, carrying with it the unfortunate designer, who had gone out to superintend some repairs' (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*). See illustration in Gardiner's *Students' History*, p. 679.

The Eddystone rocks lie 14 miles SSW. of Plymouth Breakwater. A second lighthouse of wood was built by Rudyerd, a silk-mercer (1706-9); this was burnt in 1755. Smeaton's stone lighthouse was erected in 1757-9; its upper part was taken down about 1880, as the rock on which it stood was undermined, and now stands on Plymouth Hoe. The present lighthouse was completed by Sir James Douglas in 1882.

The Winstanley of the poem is somewhat legendary. He was not 'a mercer of London town' (l. 67: perhaps due to confusion

with Rudyerd), nor was the lighthouse built at his initiative or cost.

The version of the poem given here omits some of the stanzas in the original.

21. *Lammas tide*. The first of August, formerly observed as a harvest festival. The word is a corruption of loaf-mass.

22. *yeasty*. Foaming, frothy like yeast.

29. *Plymouth Hoe*. The name of a famous common on the cliffs.

36. *Rest you merry*. This and 'God rest you merry' were common forms of salutation in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

73. *lighter*. A boat, usually flat-bottomed, for loading and unloading ships.

84. *wrack*. Properly seaweed cast up by the waves. Possibly Miss Ingelow meant *rack*, driving clouds.

120. *to close*. Used apparently for 'to stop working'.

### THE BALLAD OF 'BEAU BROCADE'

Henry Austin Dobson (1840-1921), a Civil Servant, was an accomplished writer of light verse, and of essays and biographies dealing with the eighteenth century of which he had a wide knowledge. Before his death he very kindly gave leave for the use here of notes in his *Collected Poems* and elsewhere.

In 1739 Walpole's long ministry was tottering. The 'Patriots' of the Opposition were anxious for war with Spain, and the 'Boys' (as Walpole called a band of young Whigs, which included Pitt) were disgusted by his corrupt ways. It was of them that Walpole cynically said 'All these men have their price'. These parties joining in 1738 compelled the ministry to declare war with Spain, using as one pretext the loss of an ear (seven years previously) by a certain Captain Jenkins. The early stages of the war were successful; thus Admiral Vernon easily captured Porto Bello (on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama). But when Vernon failed (1741) at Cartagena,

Santiago (Cuba), and Panama, the government became unpopular, and Walpole found it necessary to resign, with the title of Earl of Orford (1742).

*Beggar's Opera.* A famous comedy by John Gay (1728). On its first appearance it ran for sixty-three nights, a marvellous record for that period. The quotation is the second line of a song in Act II, Scene i.

5. *the 'Guides'.* Cf. I. 195.

6. *Westminster*, which is still a distinct city municipally, was until the nineteenth century separated from London by open fields. Cf. e.g. Wordsworth's 'Sonnet written on Westminster Bridge'.

7. *'tone'.* State of health.

8. *Marybone.* Marylebone, in the north-west of London, still a distinct borough, was then, like Westminster, at a distance from town.

11. *Whitefield.* George Whitefield (1714-70) was, with the brothers Wesley, the founder of Methodism. By 1739 he had done much preaching both in England and America. Many years of his life were spent in America. Austin Dobson quotes from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1739 (vol. ix, p. 162):—'Bristol. The Rev. Mr. Whitefield . . . has been wonderfully laborious & successful, especially among the poor Prisoners in *Newgate* & the rude Colliers of *Kingswood* . . . On Saturday the 18th instant he preached at *Hannum Mount* to 5 or 6,000 Persons, amongst them many Colliers.'

33. *Bagshot Heath.* A high-lying common, formerly enclosed as a royal hunting ground, which lies between Virginia Water and Bagshot on the Great Western Road (to Plymouth).

34. *the basket.* The overhanging back compartment on a stage-coach.

57. *Ensign (of Bragg's).* 'Despite its suspicious appropriateness in this case, "Bragg's" regiment of Foot-Guards really existed, and was ordered to Flanders in April 1742 (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1742, i. 217). In 1759 Wolfe was leading it at Quebec when he was mortally wounded.' (H. A. D.)

58. *hanger.* A short sword (originally hanging from the belt).

73. *Rabbit him.* A form of imprecation. ‘Bother him!’
75. *flashed the pan.* The priming (in the lock-pan) alone had gone off, and the gun itself had ‘hung fire’.
98. *Vernon.* For Edward Vernon (1684–1757) see note above. He was finally cashiered in 1746. His most notable achievement was to serve out to his men rum diluted with water (1740); as his nickname was Old Grogrom (perhaps from the material of his cloak), the drink was called grog.
111. *Malplaquet.* The victory won by Marlborough and Prince Eugene over the French and Spanish (Sept. 11, 1709).
117. *the B-sh-p of L-nd-n’s ‘Pastoral Letter’.* The Bishop of London at this time was Edmund Gibson, a voluminous writer, whose works, including five Pastoral Letters, fill twelve pages of the British Museum catalogue.
129. *gold-sprigged.* Embroidered with sprigs (small branches) of gold. *tambour.* Embroidered stuff. (A *tambour* was a circular frame on which silk, &c., was stretched to be embroidered; then, stuff so embroidered.)
130. *surtout.* Overcoat.
132. *London-Spaw.* One of the old London suburban tea-gardens, now demolished. The name survives in Spa-fields (near the New River Head and Sadler’s Wells). See Chambers, *Book of Days*, ii. 72. *Spa* was formerly pronounced Spaw.
139. *spavined.* With a disease of the hock-joint.
143. *the ‘Rose’ or the ‘Rummer’ set.* The Rose was a famous tavern in Russell Street, Covent Garden, adjoining Drury Lane Theatre. It is mentioned several times in the *Spectator*. There was a Rummer Tavern in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and another more famous one at the waterside near Charing Cross. This latter stood in Whitehall in Charles II’s time, and was kept by the uncle of Matt Prior the poet.
150. *solitaire.* A loose neck-tie of black silk.
155. *a Windsor curd.* i.e. Windsor curd-soap, which is made of soda, olive-oil, and tallow.
157. *kirtle.* Dress.
161. *Bet of Portugal Street.* Portugal Street is still standing on the south side of Lincoln’s Inn Fields; it is chiefly known now

as the site of the Bankruptcy Court, but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was a fashionable neighbourhood.

164. *'peach.* Turn informer. (Short for *apeach*.)

170. *Hogarth.* William Hogarth (1697-1764), the famous satirical painter and engraver. The picture intended is the 'Enraged Musician', in which a strapping (though not very beautiful) milkmaid is the most prominent figure. This print was published in 1741.

175. *Turned King's evidence.* A criminal may sometimes escape punishment by giving evidence against his accomplices.

180. *St. James's Street.* Then, as now, the centre of fashionable life. 'White's.' 'White's Chocolate House in St. James's Street, a noted haunt of fashionable gamblers, was first established in 1698. Under Anne it stood five doors from the bottom of the west side of the street, ascending from the palace. It was burnt down in April 1733 (See Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, Pt. iv).'  
(H. A. D.).

181. *Tyburn Tree.* Till 1783 a condemned criminal was carried with his coffin in a cart from Newgate to Tyburn Gate at the north-east of Hyde Park where the Marble Arch now stands. If he was a notorious character the streets were lined with spectators, who often presented him with bouquets and other marks of favour.

184. *St. Sepulchre's.* A church opposite Newgate.

185. *Holborn Bar.* At the foot of Gray's Inn Road, where the City of London ends.

192. *Topsman.* A slang term for hangman, possibly a modification of 'headsman', as *top* was used colloquially for 'head'.

195. '*Londoner's Guide.*' 'There is no special *Londoner's Guide*. But the book I had in mind was *The Foreigner's Guide to London and Westminster*, 1740.' (H. A. D.).

196. *with curls and tails.* The flourishes of old-fashioned handwriting.

*Frederick, Prince of Wales.* Frederick Louis (1707-51), created Prince of Wales 1729, the father of George III. He favoured the Opposition to Walpole's government.

*FALL OF D'ASSAS*

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793–1835), *née* Browne, was a poetess popular amongst many readers, especially in America. She was a friend of Wordsworth and Scott.

Louis Chevalier d'Assas fell whilst reconnoitring a wood near Closterkamp during the night of Oct. 15, 1760. After leaving his regiment (that of Auvergne), he was surprised by an ambush of the enemy, who threatened him with instant death if he gave any sign of their being there. Thereupon he shouted, ‘A moi, Auvergne! ce sont les ennemis!’ and fell, pierced by the enemies’ bayonets. Auvergne was one of the old French provinces, in the centre of France.

*PAUL REVERE'S RIDE*

For Longfellow, see note to ‘King Robert of Sicily’, on p. 203.

This poem (told by the Landlord in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*), describes the ride which immediately preceded the outbreak of the American War of Independence. On April 18, 1775, the British at Boston determined to seize a store of arms at Concord in Massachusetts. Their plans, though carefully guarded, were discovered by a certain Paul Revere, who had a band of thirty mechanics to watch their movements. The American volunteers (or ‘Minute Men’) were ready for action, and needed only warning of the British march; this warning was given by Revere. The poem clearly describes his ride, but the following account, from H. C. Lodge’s *Story of the American Revolution*, adds a few details. ‘At eleven o’clock two lights gleamed from the belfry of the Old North Church [Boston], showing that the troops were going by water to Cambridge, and Revere mounted and rode away. He crossed Charlestown Neck, and as he passed the spot where a felon had been hung in chains, he saw two British officers waiting to stop him. One tried to head him, one sought to take him. But Revere knew his country. He turned back sharply, and then swung into the Medford road. His pursuer fell into a clay-pit, and Revere rode swiftly to Medford, warned the captain of the Minute Men, and then galloped on, rousing every house and farm and village

until he reached Lexington. There he awakened Adams and Hancock, and was joined by Dawes and Dr. Samuel Prescott. After a brief delay the three started to alarm the country between Lexington and Concord. They had ridden but a short distance when they were met by four British officers who barred the road. Prescott jumped his horse over a stone wall and escaped, carrying the alarm to Concord. Revere rode toward a wood, when six more British officers appeared, and he was made a prisoner and forced to return with Dawes and his captors to Lexington. There he was released.<sup>1</sup> Fighting began on Lexington Common at sunrise, and there was also a skirmish at Concord Bridge; neither fight was decisive, but the British certainly did not get the best of it. Revere's ride was important in that he warned the countryside, and so enabled the Minute Men to prove their worth.

Of the names mentioned in the poem, *Middlesex* (l. 13) is the county of Massachusetts in which are situated Boston, Concord, &c. *Charlestown* (l. 16), now a part of Boston, lies on the north of the River Charles. The *Mystic* (l. 83) is the other river at Boston; *Medford* also stands on its banks. The distance from Boston to Concord is seventeen miles.

#### BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844), a Scottish poet. After studying law in Edinburgh he travelled on the Continent; subsequently settling in London he edited various magazines. He enjoyed a great reputation in his own day; but he is now remembered chiefly for his patriotic poems (e.g. *Ye Mariners of England*).

The battle of Copenhagen, April 2, 1801, was fought to break up Napoleon's plan of a coalition of the northern Powers (Russia, Sweden, and Denmark) against England. Nelson led the van of our ships, and when the battle was hottest refused to see Parker's signal for recall. The Danish fleet was broken up, but could not be taken owing to its being protected by the land batteries. Thanks, however, to the tactful negotiations of

Nelson with the Danes an armistice was agreed on, which led to a treaty with the northern Powers.

See the plan in Gardiner's *Historical Atlas* or H. B. Butler's edition of Southey's *Life of Nelson* (Oxford University Press).

8. *the Prince of all the land*. The Crown Prince of Denmark, who was acting as Regent.

40. *Ye are brothers, &c.* Nelson's first note to the Crown Prince ended with the sentence 'The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English'.

63. *Elsinore*. Helsingör, commanding the entrance to the Baltic. It is the scene of *Hamlet*.

67. *Riou*. Edward Riou (b. 1758?), captain, led the detached squadron (consisting of frigates) against the land batteries. He drew off his division in obedience to Sir Hyde Parker's signal, mournfully exclaiming, 'What will Nelson think of us?' Shortly after he was cut in two by a raking shot. (See Southey's *Nelson*.)

#### TRAFAVGAR

For F. T. Palgrave see note to 'Crecy', p. 208.

The story of Trafalgar is too well known to need repeating here. It may be read in the *Lives* of Nelson by Southey, Mahan, or Laughton; or, in great detail, in Sir Henry Newbolt's valuable book, *The Year of Trafalgar*, which contains perhaps the most convincing account ever given of the tactics of the battle. A few facts only are here mentioned to explain points in the poem.

Napoleon had prepared to invade England in 1805, but for that purpose it was essential to remove the English fleet from the Channel. He was almost successful in this design, for Nelson pursued the French and Spanish fleets to the West Indies, where they eluded him; but Nelson hurriedly returned, and, arriving off Cadiz on September 29, blockaded the combined fleet in the harbour. At length, on October 19, the fleets left Cadiz, and were forced to give battle off Trafalgar on Monday, the 21st.

The French fleet consisted of eighteen ships of the line, five

frigates, and two brigs, under Vice-Admiral Villeneuve (on board the *Bucentaure*, 80 guns); the Spanish fleet of fifteen of the line, under Admiral Gravina (on board the *Principe d' Asturias*, 112 guns). The British fleet was drawn up in two divisions: the Van or Weather Column, twelve of the line, under Nelson (on board the *Victory*, 100 guns, Captain Thomas Masterman Hardy), and the Rear or Lee Column, fifteen of the line, under Vice-Admiral Collingwood (on board the *Royal Sovereign*, 100 guns). Of the other ships mentioned in the poem, the *Santissima Trinidadada* was a huge Spanish four-decker of 130 guns; the *Redoubtable* a French ship of 74, Captain Lucas.

During the action the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, on the other side of which lay the *Téméraire* (Captain Harvey). It was about an hour after the *Victory* grappled with the *Redoubtable* that Nelson was shot from the enemy's mizen-top, which was 'not more than fifteen yards distant from that part of the deck where his Lordship stood. The ball struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, and penetrated his chest. It passed through the spine, and lodged in the muscles of the back, towards the right side, and a little below the shoulder-blade. He fell with his face on the deck'. (Narrative of Dr. Beatty, Surgeon of the *Victory*, which is quoted almost at length by Newbolt.)

4. *Trafalgár*. The name is given its correct accentuation.

11. *Gaditanian*. The Latin name of Cadiz was *Gades*.

16. *they knew not Nelson was there*. They were at least in doubt. Nelson had taken precautions against the publication of his forces and his movements.

19. *From Ayamonte to Algeziras, &c.* In blockading Cadiz Nelson seized Danish vessels carrying provisions to all the small ports between these two places, as they were conveyed thence to Cadiz. *Ayamonte* and *Tavira* are on the south coast, near the frontier of Spain and Portugal; *Algeziras* is on the west side of the Bay of Gibraltar.

29. *his blindness*. Nelson lost the sight of his right eye at the siege of Calvi, 1794.

36. *England expects, &c.* This famous signal was originally

given by Nelson with the word 'confides'; but 'expects' was substituted, as the signal was required at once, and 'expects' was in the vocabulary, whilst 'confides' would have required spelling out. (See the narrative of Captain Pasco, acting as Flag-Lieutenant of the *Victory*, quoted by Newbolt, p. 74.)

38. *billowy snow*. i.e. the smoke from the guns.

40. *frowningly smiling*. The figure of speech called Oxymoron.

45. *the Admiral kneeling*. Nelson's prayer, written down by himself, is quoted by Southey.

46. *the loved one*. Lady Hamilton, who always urged Nelson on to his duty.

49. *Dongola*. The name of two towns (Old and New Dongola) between the third and fourth cataracts of the Nile. It is usually pronounced Dóngola.

64. *Dastardly*. 'Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice; not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.' (Southey.)

83. *the triumph darken'd the triumph*. i.e. the joy of the enemy at Nelson's death clouded the English rejoicings at the victory.

### INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

For Robert Browning, see note on p. 206.

This poem, which now stands among the *Dramatic Lyrics*, appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, iii (1842). Ratisbon (German Regensburg) is an ancient and famous city of Bavaria, on the right bank of the Danube.

In April 1809 the Austrians again took heart after their defeat at Austerlitz four years earlier, and came into the field against Napoleon. A five days' struggle, in which Napoleon displayed masterly tactics, ended in the Austrians' taking refuge under the walls of Ratisbon, whither they were pursued by the French, who again routed them and stormed the town, reducing a great part of it to ashes. The incident related by Browning is historical except that the hero was a man and not a boy.

7. *prone brow.* i.e. with head bent down—Napoleon's favourite attitude.

11. *Lannes.* Jean Lannes, Duc de Montebello (b. 1769), one of Napoleon's marshals, was killed at the battle of Essling a month later.

29. *flag-bird.* The Napoleonic eagle.

*wans.* An archaic word for wings (now used only in poetry).

### THE HIGHWAYMAN

Alfred Noyes (b. 1880), a well-known living English poet. His longest work is *Drake*, 1906. The present poem is taken from *Forty Singing Seamen*, 1907.

39. *When the road was a gipsy's ribbon.* i.e. stood out brightly against a dark background.

### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–92), the most popular English poet during the Victorian period. Apart from his long poems (*In Memoriam*, *Idylls of the King*, &c.) and his many lyrics Tennyson wrote a number of vigorous ballads (e.g. *The Revenge*). He became Poet Laureate in 1850; and a peer in 1884.

The famous but disastrous charge was made during the battle of Balaclava (October 25, 1854). The Light Brigade (consisting of the 5th and 11th Hussars and the 17th Lancers) under Lord Cardigan endeavoured to capture the Russian guns—mistaking the orders of Lord Raglan as conveyed by his aide-de-camp, Captain Nolan. Of 673 men, 247 were killed or wounded; and had the French cavalry not attacked the Russians the whole Brigade would have been lost. On the charge the French General, Bosquet, made the epigram, which has since become so hackneyed, ‘C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre’ ('It is magnificent, but it is not war').

The poet's son, in his *Memoir*, stated that his father 'on December 2 wrote *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (published in the *Examiner*, December 9) in a few minutes, after reading the description in the *Times* in which occurred the phrase "some

one had blundered", and this was the origin of the metre of his poem'. Tennyson (in the following August) had the poem printed as a leaflet, and sent 1,000 copies to the Crimean soldiers, amongst whom he had heard it was very popular. In the *Memoir* there is a story of a wounded survivor of the Charge who, whilst lying in hospital at Scutari, was cured, at least in part, by the poem; and Tennyson was proud to know that 'he had been taken three times into battle'.

34. *Cossack*. The name of a Turkish people subject to Russia, used especially as light horse in the Russian army.

#### *A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON*

Sir Henry John Newbolt (b. 1862), formerly a barrister, is famous for his poems in *Admirals All* (1897), *The Island Race* (1898), *Songs of the Sea* (1904), &c. The present poem is taken from *Admirals All*.

John Nicholson (1821-57) was one of the most remarkable officers who have ever served in India. When but a young man he was actually worshipped by the natives, and throughout his career he displayed the most astonishing bravery and vigour. He was already distinguished both as a soldier (especially in the second Sikh war, 1849), and as an administrator, when on the outbreak of the Mutiny he was promoted brigadier-general, and put in command of the Punjab troops. He reached Delhi on April 14, 1857, and after capturing thirteen of the enemy's guns, fell while leading the main assault (September 14), and died on the 23rd.

The incident narrated in the ballad occurred in June 1857, when Nicholson was left in command at Jalandhar (in the Punjab). The following account is taken from *The Life of John Nicholson*, by Captain Lionel Trotter: 'Before leaving Jalandhar, Nicholson played a characteristic part in a curious little drama, of which the future Lord Roberts was an amused eye-witness. The faithful Rajah of Kapurthalla had placed in Jalandhar a body of his own troops, to protect the station and discharge the duties formerly reserved for our Sepoys. As commissioner of the province, Edwardes's old comrade, Major Edward Lake,

desired to pay a befitting compliment to the Rajah's officers and soldiers. At his request Nicholson consented to meet them at a Durbar [native court or levée] in Lake's house. Lord Roberts, who was present as one of Nicholson's staff, shall tell us what happened at the close of the ceremony.

"General Mehtâb Singh, a near relative of the Rajah, took his leave, and as the senior in rank at the Durbar was walking out of the room first, when I observed Nicholson stalk to the door, put himself in front of Mehtâb Singh, and, waving him back with an authoritative air, prevent him from leaving the room. The rest of the company then passed out; and when they had gone Nicholson said to Lake, 'Do you see that General Mehtâb Singh has his shoes on?' Lake replied that he had noticed the fact, but tried to excuse it. Nicholson, however, speaking in Hindustani, said, 'There is no possible excuse for such an act of gross impertinence. Mehtâb Singh knows perfectly well that he would not venture to step on his own father's carpet, save barefooted; and he has only committed this breach of etiquette to-day because he thinks we are not in a position to resent the insult, and that he can treat us as he would not have dared to a month ago.' Mehtâb Singh looked extremely foolish, and stammered out some kind of apology. But Nicholson was not to be appeased, and continued, 'If I were the last Englishman left in Jalandhar, you' (addressing Mehtâb Singh) 'should not come into my room with your shoes on.' Then politely turning to Lake, he added, 'I hope the commissioner will now allow me to order you to take your shoes off and carry them out in your own hands, so that your followers may witness your discomfiture.'

"Mehtâb Singh, completely cowed, meekly did as he was told. Although, in the kindness of his heart, Lake had at first endeavoured to smooth matters away, he knew the natives well, and he readily admitted the wisdom of Nicholson's action. Indeed, Nicholson's uncompromising bearing on this occasion proved a great help to Lake, for it had the best possible effect on the Kapurthalla people: their manner at once changed and all disrespect vanished; there was no more swaggering about

as if they considered themselves masters of the situation."—  
Lord Roberts, *Forty-one Years in India*.'

25. *a hundred years*. Plassy was won in 1757.

27. *fain of*. Eager for.

66. *Rajput*. A Hindu soldier caste claiming descent from the Kshatriya (Warrior Caste).

### THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

For J. G. Whittier, see note to 'Kallundborg Church', on p. 199.

The Mutiny broke out at Lucknow on May 30, 1857, twenty days after the first outbreak at Meerut, and the siege of the Residency started on June 30. The garrison of 750 troops held out gallantly against terrible privations, until, on Sept. 26, they were relieved by Havelock and Outram. Havelock had come from the relief of Cawnpore (42 miles south-west of Lucknow). His forces were not, however, sufficient to drive away the rebels from Lucknow; but he was able to extend the space held by the British, and he certainly prevented any such unspeakably horrible massacre as that which occurred at Cawnpore. Lucknow was finally relieved by Sir Colin Campbell on November 16; six days later Havelock died of dysentery.

The story commemorated in the poem is that a Highland girl, Jessie Brown, heard from a long distance the bagpipes of the 78th Highlanders (the Ross-shire Buffs) who were with Havelock's army. It has been embodied also in the song *Jessie's Dream* by Grace Campbell. Various attempts have been made to discredit the story, but it appears to be quite true. The subject is discussed at length in William Forbes-Mitchell's *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*, ch. 7. It is alluded to slightly in Tennyson's fine poem, *The Defence of Lucknow* (which should be read in connexion with this piece):

'Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the  
scout,

Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell  
mutineers?

Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!'

## Notes

Lucknow, the capital of the old kingdom of Oudh, is situated on the Goomtee, a tributary of the Ganges.

13. *pibroch*. The clan tunes played on the bagpipes. The various clans have their own tunes (cf. l. 46).

17. *the Indian tiger . . . the jungle-serpent*. i.e. the mutinous Sepoys.

### THE LAST REDOUBT

Alfred Austin (1835-1913), became Poet Laureate in 1896, in succession to Tennyson. His life was uneventful: he was called to the Bar, but did not practise, and he travelled extensively. He wrote many books both of prose and verse. The present poem is taken from *Narrative Poems*, 1891.

Mehemet Ali Pasha (who must not be confounded with his more famous namesake, the Pasha of Egypt from 1805 to 1848) was a French convert to Islam, called originally Karl Detroit (b. 1827). He was an energetic and successful general of the Turkish army. During the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8 he commanded the main army in Bulgaria, where (Sept. 3, 1877) he defeated the Russians (under the Tsarevich, afterwards Alexander III) at Katzelevo on the Lōm (a tributary of the Danube). On Sept. 7, 1878, he was assassinated in Diakova.

9. *Muscovite*. An archaic name for Russian.

20. *a houri's breast*. The Mohammedan idea of Paradise includes the society of divinely beautiful nymphs; the word signifies literally 'with eyes like a gazelle's'.

52. *Bismillah*. In Allah's name.

54. *the jackal's scratch*. A continual fear in the sandy soil of deserts. It is possible that pyramids were evolved from the cairns raised to guard bodies from the jackal.

### RAMON

Francis Bret Harte (1839-1902), a prolific and original writer both of prose and verse. Born in New York State, he went in 1854 to California, where he tried successively teaching, gold-mining, and journalism. His career as an author began with sketches of mining life, which are still amongst his most popular

writings. Subsequently he returned from the West, became a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and later (1880-5) U.S. consul at Glasgow. He died in London.

*Refugio*, or Matamoros, near the mouth of the Rio Grande del Norte (the boundary between Texas and Mexico).

5. *pump*. Fire-damp and carbonic acid gas are given out not only in coal-mines but also in many metalliferous mines. The use of explosives, moreover, tends to diminish the quantity of oxygen, so that often air-pumps are provided to draw out the foul air and drive in fresh.

6. *peon*. In Mexico, an enslaved debtor; the word has other meanings in South America.

13. *Intendant*. Superintendent, manager.

17. *pesos*. The peso is a silver coin worth about 4s., used in most South American republics.

### GUILD'S SIGNAL

*Stonington*. A seaside town near the eastern boundary of Connecticut.

*Providence* is one of the two capitals of the state of Rhode Island, and is about 50 miles from Stonington.

*the throttle-valve* regulates the supply of steam from the boiler to the engine.

12. *roundelay*. A short simple song, with a refrain.

18. *commuters*. The American for a season-ticket holder.

### A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). Educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho (he being the 'Beetle' of *Stalky & Co.*). After working from 1882 to 1889 as a newspaper editor in India he travelled over most parts of the world. He wrote two volumes of verse besides many novels and short stories.

This ballad appeared originally in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Nov. 1889; the text here given follows the slightly different version of *Barrack-Room Ballads* (1892).

The scene is laid in the North Frontier country, in the

Peshawur-Kohat district; of the places mentioned, *Fort Bukloh* and the *Tongue of Jagai* are not to be found in the map. The *Abazai* are a tribe, and *Bonair* is a province, in that region. *Kamal* was an actual brigand; but the incident, though not unlikely, is fictitious.

8. *calkins*. The turned-down ends of a horseshoe that raise the horse's heels from the ground.

9. *the Guides*. The Queen's Own Corps of Guides, a famous troop consisting of both cavalry and infantry. The men are of the various mountain tribes (Pathans, Sikhs, &c.), and there are native as well as English officers. Cf. Mr. Newbolt's poem, 'The Guides at Kabul, 1879', in *Admirals All*.

11. *Ressaldar*. A native cavalry officer (*ressala* being a troop of horse).

21. *dun*. A dull greyish-brown colour.

22. *with the mouth of a bell*. Presumably this means hard-mouthed.

*the head of the gallows-tree*. i.e. with a square head.

26. *gut*. The narrow part of a defile.

31. *dust devils*. Whirling dust-clouds.

32. *a stag of ten*. i.e. with ten points to his antlers.

*a barren doe* would be particularly fleet.

33. *slugged*. Slog is the usual form of the word.

34. *snaffle-bars*. A snaffle-bit is jointed in the middle.

50. *the broken meats*, &c. An Eastern way of saying 'Consider the consequences'.

54. *byres*. Cow-houses.

60. *wolf and grey wolf*. A common poetical figure, meaning simply 'when one grey wolf meets another'.

62. *dam of lances*. Warlike mother.

63. *I hold by*. I follow the customs of.

74. *ling*. Heather.

80. *hold*. Stronghold.

89. *Quarter-Guard*. A small guard mounted in front of each battalion in a camp, at about eighty paces distant.

90. *carried his feud*. i.e. the native soldiers of the Guides carried on their ancestral feuds with Kamal and his like.

## Notes

### THE BALLAD OF ISKANDER

James Elroy Flecker (1884-1915) after leaving Cambridge entered the consular service, and spent two years in the east. He fell ill with tuberculosis and died in Switzerland in his thirty-first year. A collected edition of his poems was published in 1916. He is best known to-day for a play *Hassan*, which was not published till ten years after his death.

*aflatun*, &c. Plato, the Greek philosopher, lived 429-347 B.C.; Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, 384-322 B.C.; Alexander the Great, King of Macedon, 356-323 B.C. For a part of their lives, therefore, the three were living together; but Aristotle was forty-five years younger than Plato, and when Plato died Alexander was only nine years old.

48. *alizarine*, red. Alizarin is the colouring matter of the madder plant.

135-42. The central conception of Plato's philosophy is that the only permanent reality is in the ideal world of divine types, of which the material things perceived by man are but passing and imperfect copies.

### THE TURKISH TRENCH DOG

Geoffrey Dearmer (b. 1893) was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. During the Great War he served in Gallipoli. A book of his verse (*Poems*) was published in 1918.

### THE LIGHTHOUSE

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (b. 1878) has published some twelve volumes of verse. 'The Lighthouse' is included in his *Collected Poems 1905-1925*.

### HART-LEAP WELL

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was the leader of the Romantic Revival in poetry, which is generally regarded as having been inaugurated by the publication in 1798 of *Lyrical Ballads* by Wordsworth and Coleridge. He is primarily a poet

'Nature, and of simple folk and simple emotions described in simple language. His most ambitious and best-known long poem is 'The Prelude'.

He lived most of his life at Grasmere, in Cumberland. He held a post in the Stamp Office. At first an ardent believer in the French Revolution he was later repelled by its excesses. When, in 1843, he succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate, Robert Browning's poem 'The Lost Leader' reflected the dismay of Wordsworth's friends at his growing conventionality and conservatism.

13. *rout*. Company.

### *THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR*

(From 'The Song of Hiawatha', xii, ll. 27-258.)

For Henry Wadsworth Longfellow see note to 'King Robert of Sicily', on p. 203.

'The Song of Hiawatha' is a long poem in trochaic tetrameters, published in 1855, reproducing legends of the North American Indians, which centre in the life and death of Hiawatha.

3. *Evening Star*. Venus, when seen in the west after sunset.

23. *coughing*. The squirrel makes a noise something between a cough and a chuckle.

34. *wampum*. Beads of shell.

57. *showain nemeshin, Nosa!* Pity me, my father!

96. *wigwam*. This term is now applied to all tents or huts of the North American Indians made of skins, mats, or bark; but strictly it is a dome-shaped hut of poles lashed together and covered with bark.

139. *whippoorwill* (Indian, *Wawonaissa*). An American nocturnal bird.

156. *shards*. The wing-covers of a beetle.

217. ~~Wabeno~~. The Wabenos—magicians—were so called because they prolonged their rites till dawn appeared in the east (*wabun*).

*BAUCIS AND PHILEMON*

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, is the most famous satirist in the English language. He is known to-day chiefly as the author of *Gulliver's Travels* (which was not published till he was nearly sixty). He wrote an immense number of pamphlets—most of them anonymously—on politics, church matters, and miscellaneous subjects. Two of his best-known prose satires are 'The Battle of the Books' (an imaginary contest between the ancient and modern writers) and 'Tale of a Tub' (on religion and government).

42. *errant*. errand.

58. *joist*. A piece of timber that supports a ceiling.

65. *jack*. A machine for turning the spit or bar on which meat is roasted before a fire.

89. *porringers*. Small basins to hold soup &c., for the use of children.

128. *vamped*. Made up matter out of odds and ends.

134. *Right Divine*, sc. of kings.

139. *coifs*. Close-fitting caps.

140. *pinners*. Close-fitting caps with side flaps pinned on.

144. *grogram*. Coarse fabric.

145. 2X

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